



...GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!...



№7
AUG-
SEPT.

SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PAY LESS—GET THE BEST! SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!

LATEST STYLE LUXURY
GENUINE FIBRE

SEAT COVERS

LUXURY SEAT COVERS
SAVE YOU MONEY

**Same Superb Quality As
USED IN THE MOST
EXPENSIVE SEAT COVERS.**

Buy from Luxury and SAVE TREMENDOUSLY on smartest, new style, color glamorous seat covers! Lacquer-coated to repel water, LUXURY Genuine Fibre Seat Covers are double-stitched, trimmed with rich leatherette for extra long, luxury wear! Expertly tailored, RICHER, STRONGER, Revolutionary—New ELASTICIZED SLIP-OVER SIDES assure FAULTLESS FIT... NO INSTALLATION COST! All in stunning Scotch Plaids of soft, harmonious multi-color weaves! Make old cars look like new... new cars even more elegant!

**SMARTEST SCOTCH PLAIDS
YOUR CHOICE OF 23
SPARKLING COLORS!**

**WHATEVER YOUR CAR
HERE ARE YOUR COVERS!**

Guaranteed perfect fit for every popular make and model, old or new, including—

BUICK	LaSALLE
CADILLAC	LINCOLN
CHEVROLET	MERCURY
CHRYSLER	NASH
DeSOTO	OLDSMOBILE
DODGE	PACKARD
FORD	PLYMOUTH
FRAZER	PONTIAC
HUDSON	STUDEBAKER
KAISER	TERRAPLANE
LAFAYETTE	WILLYS

And Many Others
SENT ON APPROVAL

Only **4.98**
For Coupe or
Front Seat!

Only **9.95**
Complete Set of
Covers for Sedan
or Coach!



**BUY FROM LUXURY
AND SAVE! ACT NOW**
Satisfaction Guaranteed
or 5-Day Money-Back
TEST AT OUR
RISK.

2. Full
Back and
Front Seat
Protection!

1. Smooth
Glove-Like
Fit!

4. Adds In-
stant Class
to Your
Car!

5. MONEY
SAVING!
STURDY!

3. Richly
Grained
Leatherette
Trim!

The Exact
Same Material used
in the Most Expensive
Seat Covers!

**EASILY INSTALLED—
TAKES A FEW MINUTES!**

(on all make cars)
Specify style for YOUR car.

TYPE A—Solid back
for 4-door sedan...
front or rear. Rear for
coach or coupe.

TYPE B—Divided back,
solid seat for front
coupe or coach.

TYPE C—Individual
seats or bucket type for
divided back and seat.



SENT ON APPROVAL! SEND ONLY \$1.00

LUXURY SEAT COVER CO., Dept. 57
1025 Broad St., Newark 2, N. J.

Gentlemen: Kindly rush LUXURY Seat Covers on special
5-day Money-Back Inspection Offer.

Color _____ 2nd Color _____

☐ Full set front & back covers \$9.95. My car is a 19_____

Make _____ ☐ 2-door ☐ 4-door

☐ Front seat cover only, \$4.98. ☐ Back seat cover only, \$4.98.

☐ Type A ☐ Type B ☐ Type C

☐ I enclose \$1.00—on delivery I'll pay postman balance plus few
cents postage and C.O.D. charges.

☐ \$_____ purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
with 5-Day FREE Trial**

SPY-HUNTERS, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1950, by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. No. 7, August-September, 1950. Printed in U. S. A.

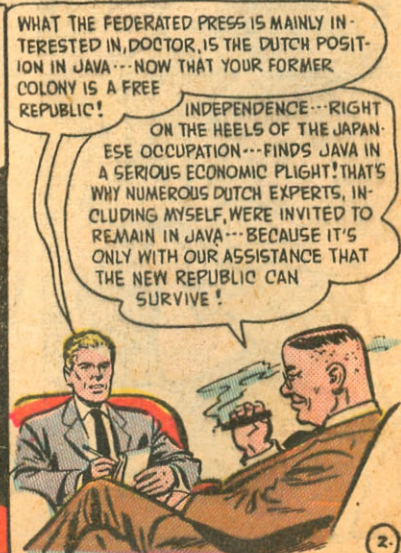
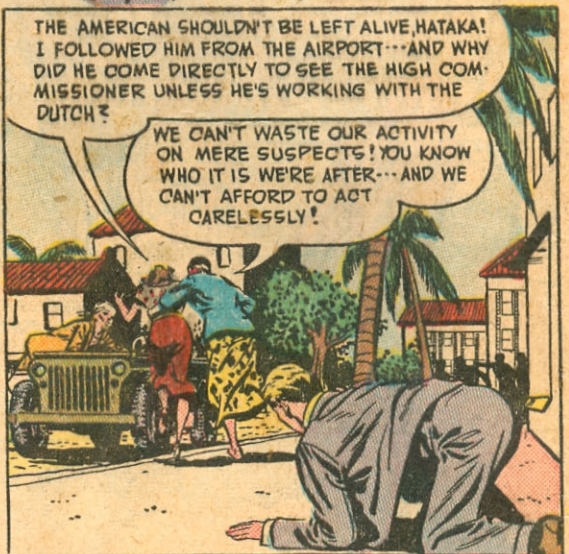
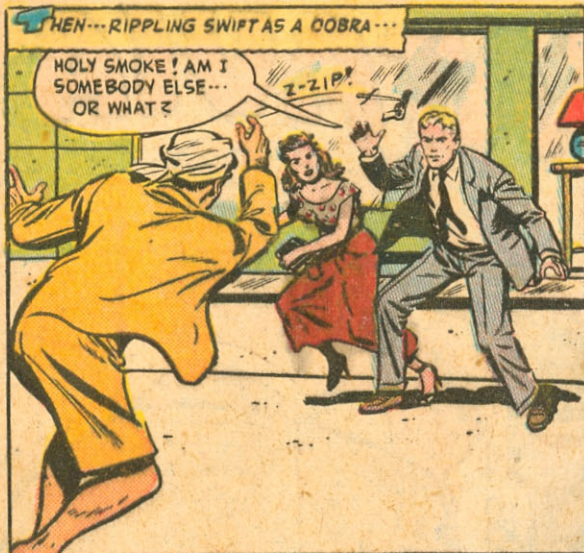
BLOWUP in BATAVIA

SOME PLACE, BATAVIA! WISH I COULD GET THE FEDERATED PRESS TO LET ME **STAY** HERE AFTER I'VE INTERVIEWED DR. HANSFELD...DUTCH HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE NEW INDONESIAN REPUBLIC!

The MUSKY FRAGRANCE OF ILANG-ILANG...THE CLINGING SHEEN OF MOONLIGHT OVER THE SULTRY STREETS OF BATAVIA... BLEND LIKE A TROPICAL DREAM WITH THE RHYTHMIC MOVEMENTS OF A BEAUTIFUL JAVANESE DANCER! BUT WHAT SHE PERFORMS IS A DANCE OF DEATH... A DANCE KEYS TO THE VIOLENT DRUM BEATS OF MURDER AND REVOLUTION!

Opden Whistley





WITH **THAT** PROBLEM... I SUPPOSE THE GOVERNMENT HASN'T HAD MUCH TIME TO COPE WITH CRACKPOT REVOLUTIONARIES!

YOU'RE RIGHT... BUT YOU CAN BE SURE, THEY'RE NOT MERELY HARMLESS FANATICS! OFF THE RECORD, THERE'S EVIDENCE OF A SECRET COMMUNIST FACTION THAT MAY SOON MAKE A BID FOR POWER... AND SO FAR, WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TRACK IT DOWN!

BEGINS TO LOOK AS THOUGH MY LITTLE RIOT OUTSIDE MAY BE FAR MORE SERIOUS THAN I THOUGHT! IT'S SOMETHING I OUGHT TO LOOK INTO... BUT THERE'S NO SENSE GETTING HANSFELD STIRRED UP ABOUT IT **YET!**

I WON'T TAKE ANY MORE OF YOUR TIME, DR. HANSFELD... BUT I MAY SEE YOU AGAIN SOON... WITH INTERESTING NEWS!

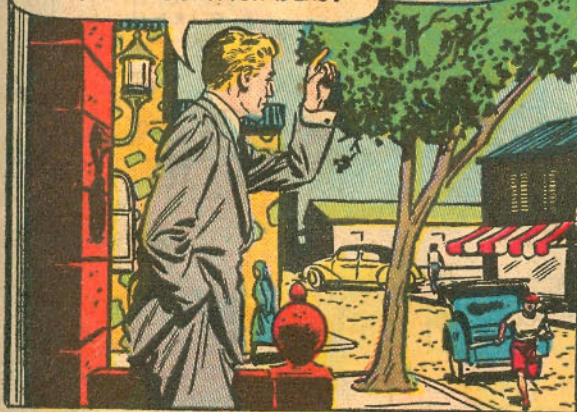
FINE! TOMORROW I'LL BE AT A NATIVE CELEBRATION IN A SMALL VILLAGE JUST OUTSIDE THE CAPITAL! BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU LATER IN THE WEEK... AND GIVE YOU ANY FURTHER INFORMATION YOU NEED!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH SITTING BACK AND WAITING FOR THAT CHICK'S NEXT MOVE... IT **COULD** BE TO PLANT A KNIFE IN MY BACK! GUESS I'LL HEAD BACK TO MY HOTEL, ANYWAY... PASS AN HOUR GOING THROUGH THE SAME OLD MAGAZINES IN THE LOBBY... AND SEE IF I CAN'T DREDGE UP A FEW IDEAS!

MINUTES LATER...

I'VE READ THE "RUBBER PLANTERS' GAZETTE" THREE TIMES, AND **THIS** ONE ONLY TWICE, SO... **HOLY MACKEREL!**



HERE'S WHERE I SAW THE GIRL WITH THE GUN BEFORE... AND **NOW** I REMEMBER THAT ONE OF HER CONFEDERATES CALLED HER **MEKONG!**



I MAY NOT KNOW MUCH ABOUT ORIENTAL DANCING... BUT MEKONG HAD BETTER BE READY TO FACE THE MUSIC!

GOT A CITY DIRECTORY THERE, BUD?

HAVE GOT, **TUAN!**



SOENDA
ROAD 47!

I HAVE A HUNCH THAT ORIENTAL
ETIQUETTE FROWNS ON UNEXPECTED
VISITS...BUT THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH RETURNING A
LADY'S GUN!



SOON AFTERWARD...

DOOR'S LOCKED...BUT
THAT BRANCH OVERHANGING
THE ROOF TERRACE IS
ABOUT AS INVITING AS
A WELCOME MAT!



AH, WELL...NOTHING
ILLEGAL ABOUT FALLING
OUT OF A TREE!



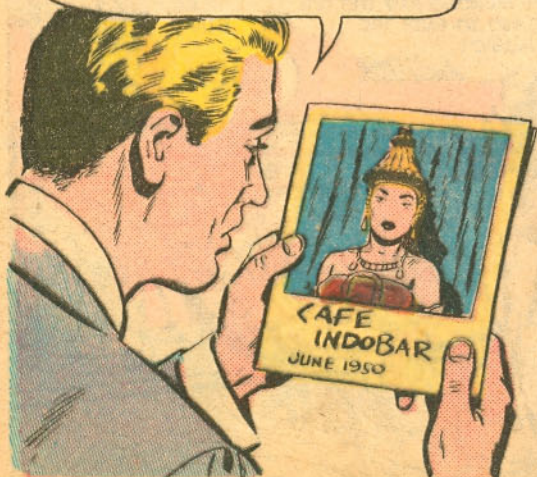
THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS PROVE
ONE THING...THAT OUTFIT WASN'T
JUST A COSTUME MEKONG WORE
FOR THE MAGAZINE PICTURE! SHE'S
A PROFESSIONAL DANCER!



DESK, TOO! **THAT**
SUGGESTS JUST ONE THING
TO A VETERAN POLICE RE-
PORTER...**WHAT'S IN
IT?**



HERE SHE IS AGAIN...ON A CAFE PROGRAM!
NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE SHE'S DANCING
...LET'S SEE WHAT **ELSE** TURNS UP!



"POCKET MANUAL OF THE DEAF MUTE
ALPHABET"! LAST TIME I SAW ONE OF
THESE WAS WHEN I STUDIED THE SIGNS
SO I'D BE ABLE TO PASS A COURTROOM
SCOOP TO A FELLOW REPORTER POSTED
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...BUT WHAT'S THE
ANGLE **HERE?**



OOOPS... SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR! CONSIDERING HOW LITTLE I KNOW ABOUT MEKONG, IT **COULD** BE THE POLICE AS WELL AS ANYONE... AND ON **ME** A HOUSEBREAKING RAP WON'T LOOK GOOD!



I'D BETTER DROP FROM THE SIDE OF THE ROOF! IF I'M FAST ENOUGH, MAYBE I CAN GET A LOOK AT WHOEVER'S OUT FRONT!



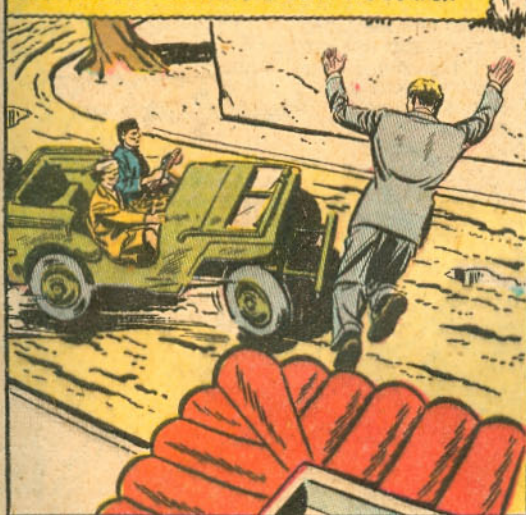
AT THAT MOMENT...

I STILL SAY IT WASN'T WISE TO COME HERE OPENLY!

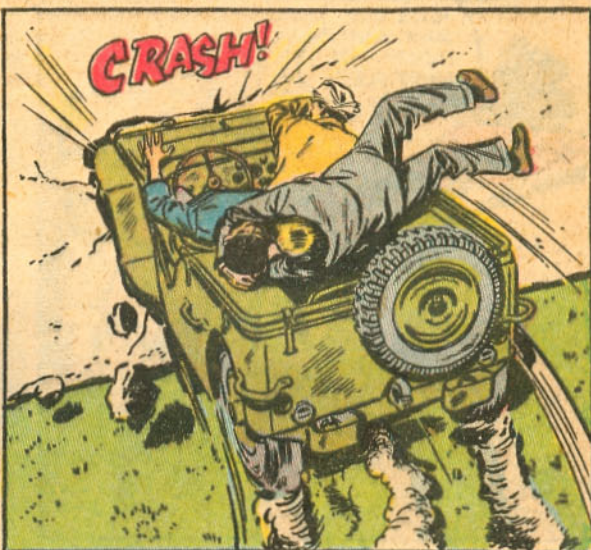
NEITHER WOULD IT BE WISE TO NEGLECT OUR SUSPICIONS! SINCE MEKONG ISN'T HOME... WE CAN SWING DOWN THE SIDE STREET BEFORE WE'RE NOTICED!



AS THE JEEP LURCHES AROUND THE CORNER...



CRASH!



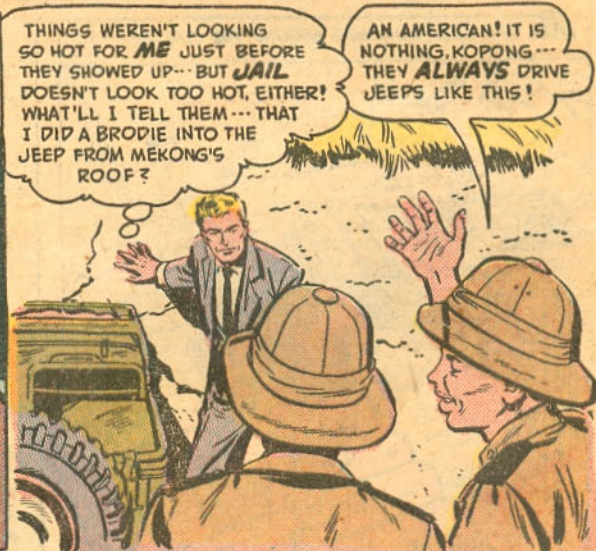
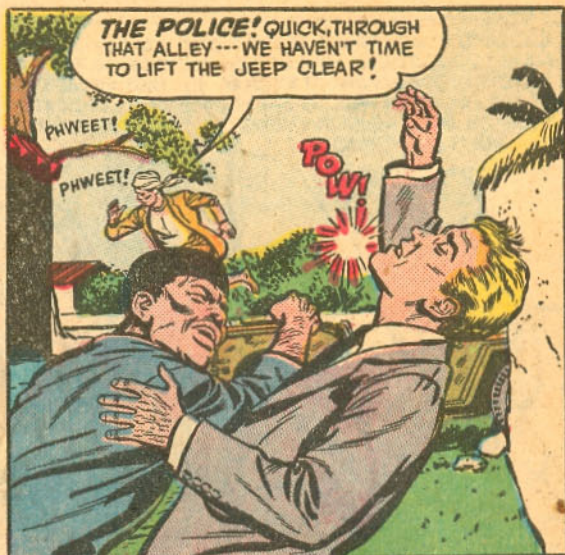
OH-OH... DON'T TELL ME WE'RE GOING THROUGH **THAT** AGAIN!

A SLIGHT CHANGE, MAYBE... WITH A BULLET GOING THROUGH **YOU!**



TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUR DREAM BOOK, **BUD!**





MINUTES LATER...

SHE'S TRYING TO HIDE IT... BUT SPOTTING ME SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN HER QUITE A JOLT! I'LL PLAY IT SAFE...AND TAKE A TABLE WHERE MY BACK IS TO THE WALL!



THEN...THE TEMPO OF MEKONG'S DANCE CHANGES ABRUPTLY!



FASTER AND FASTER THE NAKED BLADE FLASHES...TIMED TO THE TINKLE AND THUD OF NATIVE INSTRUMENTS!

I'M CATCHING ON! THE DANCE SEEMS TO SHOW **SOMEONE** GETTING KILLED...AND FROM THE WAY MEKONG KEEPS GLANCING IN MY DIRECTION, I'VE GOT AN UNCOMFORTABLE NOTION THAT IT MAY BE **ME!**



OR IS IT? THERE'S NOTHING DEFIANT IN HER EXPRESSION...IN FACT, SHE SEEMS SOARED STIFF...TRYING TO GET SOMETHING ACROSS TO ME! IF SHE ISN'T DOING IT OPENLY, MAYBE SHE **CAN'T**...**MAYBE THE DANGER'S RIGHT HERE IN THIS ROOM!**



WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY OF LEARNING WHAT'S BEHIND IT...BUT MAYBE THERE **IS!** IF MEKONG UNDERSTANDS SIGN LANGUAGE...WHY NOT SHOW HER I DO, TOO?



RAPIDLY...VAN'S FINGERS SPELL OUT A TERSE MESSAGE!

**W-H-A-T-S...
W-R-O-N-G**



MEKONG RESUMES HER SLOW DANCE...AND AS HER ARMS AND HANDS MOVE LIKE WEAVING SERPENTS...

I MAY BE WRONG...BUT I'M ALMOST SURE SHE'S JUST FORMED THE LETTER 'M'!





ONLY MEKONG CAN EXPLAIN...AND VAN PACES THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR UNTIL DAWN! THEN---

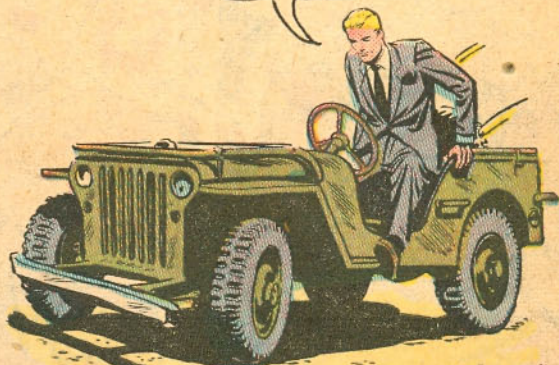
THE GIRL WILL LIVE, **MIJNHEER**...BUT WE WILL HAVE TO KEEP HER UNDER A STRONG SEDATIVE FOR AT LEAST A DAY!

NOW WHAT? ALL I HAVE TO GO ON IS THAT THERE'S SOME KIND OF DANGER INVOLVING **MEESTER CORNELIS**...BUT WHO'S GOT THE ANSWER?



SUDDENLY---

DR. HANSFELD! DIDN'T HE SAY HE'D BE GLAD TO GIVE ME ANY INFORMATION I NEED? HE MENTIONED GOING SOMEWHERE TODAY...BUT WITH LUCK, I CAN CATCH HIM BEFORE HE LEAVES!



MINUTES LATER---

VERY SORRY...BUT **DR. HANSFELD** AND SEVERAL ASSISTANTS LEFT BY CAR A HALF-HOUR AGO! IF IT'S IMPORTANT...HE CAN PROBABLY SEE YOU WHEN HE GETS BACK FROM **MEESTER CORNELIS**, AT ABOUT MIDNIGHT!

BACK FROM WHERE?



MEESTER CORNELIS! IT'S A SMALL TOWN TEN MILES SOUTH OF HERE!

HOLY SMOKE... I GET IT! I REMEMBER ONE OF THOSE RATS REMINDING MEKONG THEY WERE AFTER SOMEONE IMPORTANT--AND WHAT SHE TRIED TO TELL ME ABOUT **MEESTER CORNELIS** IS THAT THAT **SOMEONE** IS **DR. HANSFELD!** THEY'RE SETTING AN AMBUSH!



THERE'S A VILLAGE CALLED **SURAJONG** BETWEEN **BATAVIA** AND **MEESTER CORNELIS!** PHONE THERE...AND IF YOU HAVE TO IMPERSONATE OLD **QUEEN WILHELMINA**...SEE THAT THEY STOP THE **HIGH COMMISSIONER'S CAR!**



AN HOUR LATER...OUTSIDE **MEESTER CORNELIS**...

TOO BAD WE DIDN'T SUSPECT SOONER THAT **MEKONG** WASN'T REALLY WORKING WITH US...BUT AT LEAST WE'VE KEPT HER FROM WARNING **HANSFELD** AGAINST COMING HERE! **HERE**, OF ALL PLACES...THE SECRET COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL OF **JAVA!**

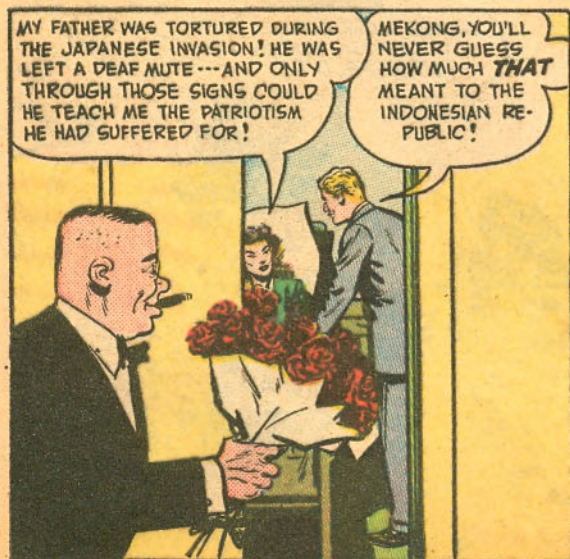
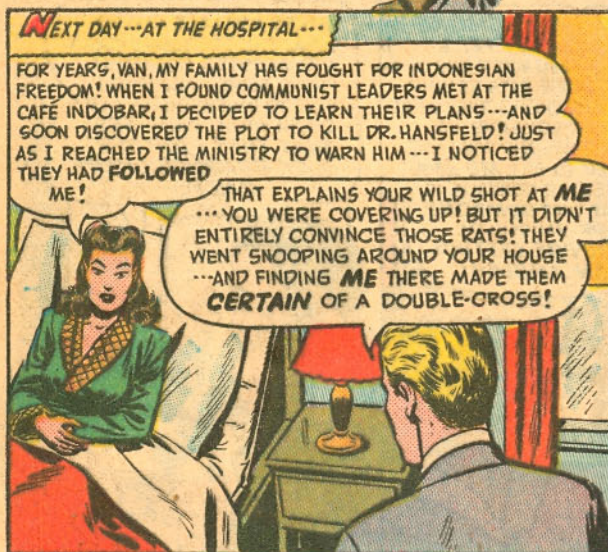
THINGS WILL CHANGE FAST, ONCE WE'VE KILLED **HANSFELD** AND THE OTHER FINANCIAL EXPERTS! WITHOUT THEIR HELP, **INDONESIA** WILL GO INTO A CRISIS...PRACTICALLY **GUARANTEEING** THE SUCCESS OF A COMMUNIST REVOLUTION!



THERE'S A CAR COMING WITH OFFICIAL PLATES...**HANSFELD'S!**

PHWEET!





"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



BEATING THE
BROKEN
BUCKBOARD!



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF
AFTER THE FRIGHTENED
HORSES--



AND SOON--



MEANWHILE, AFTER A DANGEROUS
DOWNHILL RACE, THE BIKE CLUB BOYS
BRING THEIR HALF OF THE ADVENTURE
TO A STOP!



LATER...

YOUR FAST ACTION
SAVED OUR LIVES! SAY,
ALL THAT SPEED MUST
BE PRETTY TOUGH ON
YOUR BIKE TIRES!

THAT'S WHY WE ALWAYS
INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES! THEY'RE
REALLY RUGGED--AND
READY FOR ANY
EMERGENCY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-
OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE
SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER
CONTROL FOR REAL CONTROL
AT TOP SPEED, INSIST ON U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN!



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"
SAYS U.S. ROYAL

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
GIVE YOU TOP PERFORMANCE
AND PERFECT CONTROL... AND
MORE MILEAGE, TOO! WHY NOT
TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

A MATCH for SPIES

WHAM!

The blackjack descended on Harvey Britten's skull with full force, sending him crumpling to the ground.

"Quick!" the first spy whispered. "Carry him into the house before someone comes along the street!"

The chief spy looked up in astonishment as he saw his two men carrying the limp body into the room. "We found him snooping around outside," the first spy said. "So we thought we'd better make sure we stop his snooping!"

"Fools!" the chief spy said. "We can't afford to knock out every passer-by who stops to look at the house! Now even if this one isn't a snooping detective, we'll have the trouble of getting rid of him! Quickly—take out all the contents of his pockets and lay them on the table!"

A minute later, a low whistle escaped from the mouth of the chief spy as he looked up from the papers he'd taken out of Harvey's wallet. "Ivan . . . Boris—you did well! You caught a big fish—an American Counter-Espionage Agent!"

"He . . . he must have been on our trail," Ivan quavered. "We'll have to find a new hideout—in a hurry!"

"We'll put Plan D into effect," the chief spy said grimly. "Ivan, come on down to the cellar with me and help me carry up the big trunk to hide the American's body in! Boris—stay here and watch him! If he revives and tries to make trouble, shoot him!"

From the corner of the room where he lay crumpled up in a heap, Harvey cautiously raised an eyelid and inwardly cursed the throbbing in his head and his

stupidity in allowing the spies to capture him. He'd been on their trail for a week, and had intended arresting all three of them tonight—when *this* had happened! And now, with his gun and all the equipment from his pockets lying on the table out of reach, with an armed guard watching for any sign of movement in his body, the situation looked hopeless!

But *wait*—there was still a chance! Boris was reaching into his pocket for a cigarette . . . was searching for a match—*ah!* His eyes had fallen on the book of matches lying on the table—the matches that had been taken from Harvey's pocket. It was going to *work*—the spy was striking the match . . . lighting the cigarette . . . inhaling deeply!

Carefully holding his breath, Harvey saw the spy suddenly waver on his feet—and then topple forward with a gasp!

Leaping instantly to his feet, Harvey raced to the windows of the room and opened them wide, aiding the circulation of the air by fanning it with his jacket. Then, when he knew it was safe, he stooped to pick up the dead spy's gun. "Too bad, Boris," Harvey whispered to the unheeding corpse, "too bad you didn't know that every American Intelligence agent has an emergency pack of matches with specially-prepared tips containing cyanide of mercury—which releases cyanogen, one of the deadliest of gases, when a match is lit! One good whiff—and you were a *dead spy!*"

With a last glance at the body, Harvey sat down in the chair facing the door, gun in hand, to await the return of the remaining spies.

STORM OVER THE SOUTH POLE

DRAG THE AMERICAN OVER HERE -- WE'LL TIE HIM TO THIS STAKE AND LEAVE HIM TO **FREEZE TO DEATH!**

NOT UNTIL -- I TAKE SOME OF YOU **WITH ME!**

ANTARCTICA -- a huge continent entirely covered by sheets of ice hundreds of feet thick -- the most barren, desolate, frigid area on the globe! Only the hardy penguins and a few even hardier explorers dare set foot on its glacial wastes -- and its utter isolation made it the perfect spot for insidious foreign agents to attempt their strange **POLAR PLOT!**

And only one man could halt this Peril from the South Pole -- at the cost of his life -- to save **YOUR** life!

BREAKING LOOSE FROM HIS CAPTORS WITH A LAST BURST OF DESPERATION --

HERE -- THIS'LL PUT **YOU** INTO A **REAL DEEP FREEZE!**

POW!

IF I CAN ONLY BACK AWAY TOWARDS THE PLANE, KEEP THEM OFF ME LONG ENOUGH TO --

UGH!
CLUNK!

THE FOOL -- THINKING HE COULD STOP US! WE'LL LEAVE HIM TO THE ELEMENTS -- **HELPLESS!** WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF NOW -- BEFORE THE BLIZZARD GETS TOO BAD!



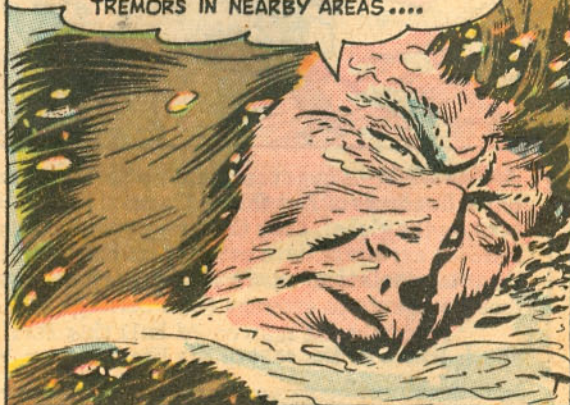
SO LONG, SUCKER! YOU'LL HAVE THE COMFORT OF KNOWING THAT YOU WON'T DIE ALONE -- WE'RE LEAVING TO BLAST THE LITTLE AMERICA BASE AND ALL ITS MEN OFF THE FACE OF THE ANTARCTIC! AND WITH WHAT WE'VE LEARNED HERE AT THE SOUTH POLE, WE'LL SOON DO THE SAME TO ALL OUR ENEMIES!



THEY... THEY'VE GONE -- AND LEFT ME HERE TO DIE! THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN SAVE ME -- **NOTHING!** -- THEY SAY YOUR WHOLE LIFE FLASHES THROUGH YOUR MIND JUST BEFORE YOU DIE, BUT ALL I CAN THINK OF IS **HOW I GOT INTO THIS MESS!**



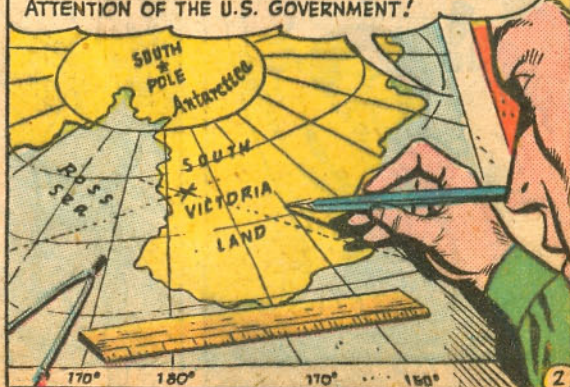
I CAN REMEMBER EXACTLY HOW IT ALL STARTED -- IT'S AS VIVID AS IF IT HAPPENED ONLY YESTERDAY! -- I WAS IN MY SEISMOLOGICAL LABORATORY AT THE UNIVERSITY, LOOKING THROUGH THE DAY'S RECORDS TO SEE IF THE SEISMOGRAPH HAD RECORDED ANY UNUSUAL EARTHQUAKES OR TREMORS IN NEARBY AREAS....



GREAT SCOTT -- IT... IT'S **UNBELIEVABLE!** THIS SEISMOGRAPH IS THE MOST DELICATE MACHINE IN THE COUNTRY -- BUT IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO SHOW A STRONG DISTURBANCE IN THE EARTH'S CRUST FROM SO FAR AWAY AS THE **SOUTH POLE!**



HMM, EVERYTHING CHECKS -- MY DIRECTIONAL LINES SHOW THAT A SEVERE ANTARCTIC TREMOR TOOK PLACE IN THE BRITISH-CLAIMED SOUTH VICTORIA LAND, NOT FAR FROM THE ACTIVE VOLCANO, MT. EREBUS! BUT NO MERE VOLCANIC ERUPTION COULD BE **THAT** VIOLENT -- AND THE DISTURBANCE IS ENORMOUS ENOUGH FOR ME TO CALL IT TO THE ATTENTION OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!



"Two days later..."

I NEVER EXPECTED THAT **COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE** WOULD TAKE AN INTEREST IN MY ROUTINE REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES ABOUT THAT POLAR DISTURBANCE! WHY DID YOU ASK TO SEE **ME?**

BECAUSE YOUR REPORT, MR. KENDRICK, CAUSED A VIOLENT DISTURBANCE IN THE **DEFENSE COUNCIL!** WE'VE KNOWN FOR SOME TIME THAT A FOREIGN POWER WHICH ALREADY HAS THE ATOMIC BOMB HAS ALSO BEEN CONSTRUCTING AN IMMENSELY MORE POWERFUL **HYDROGEN BOMB!**

U.S. COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE OPERATIONS HEADQUARTERS

WE'VE BEEN KEEPING A CLOSE CHECK ON ALL THE ISOLATED WORLD AREAS WHERE THEY'RE LIKELY TO TEST OUT SUCH A BOMB -- BUT WE OVERLOOKED **ANTARCTICA!** IT'S VERY POSSIBLE THAT THE DISTURBANCE YOUR SEISMOGRAPH RECORDED WAS **THE DETONATION OF A HYDROGEN BOMB** -- IN THE MOST ISOLATED AREA ON THE GLOBE, WHERE THEY HOPED THEY WOULD ESCAPE DETECTION! AND I'M TELLING YOU ALL THIS TOP-SECRET INFORMATION BECAUSE I'M GOING TO MAKE **YOU** A SPECIAL **COUNTERESPIONAGE AGENT** -- IF YOU'RE WILLING TO RISK YOUR LIFE!



IF IT'S FOR THE DEFENSE OF AMERICA-- **YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, SIR!**

GOOD! I'VE LOOKED UP YOUR BACKGROUND, AND I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU WERE A SEISMOLOGIST WITH THE BYRD EXPEDITION TO THE LITTLE AMERICA BASE IN 1946, AND THAT YOU KNOW THE ANTARCTIC THOROUGHLY-- **BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING BACK THERE!** I WANT YOU TO CONTACT TOM PHILLIPS, OUR INTELLIGENCE AGENT ATTACHED TO THE LITTLE AMERICA BASE-- AND HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE TO DO...

"NEXT DAY, AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON..."

THERE ARE MY AMERICAN AUTHORIZATIONS, SIR -- NOW ALL I NEED IS YOUR PERMISSION TO INVESTIGATE BRITISH SOUTH VICTORIA LAND NEAR MT. EREBUS!

WHY, OF COURSE, OLD CHAP-- YOU'RE WELCOME TO DASH ALL OVER THAT FRIGID LAND! IT'S TOO BLOODY COLD FOR OUR EXPLORERS-- WE HAVEN'T HAD AN EXPEDITION OUT THERE FOR YEARS!

"HOURS LATER, ABOARD A NAVY SEAPLANE..."

WELL, I'M ON MY WAY-- AUCKLAND ISLAND, HERE I COME! IT'S ABOUT THE CLOSEST ICE-FREE LAND TO ANTARCTICA, AND THAT'S WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO RENDEZVOUS WITH AN AMERICAN ICEBREAKER AND A SMALL PLANE CARRIER THAT'LL TAKE ME TO **LITTLE AMERICA!**



"AT THE RENDEZVOUS..."

BRRR, I'M FREEZING ALREADY -- BUT THIS IS **NOTHING** COMPARED TO THE COLD WE'LL GET WHEN THAT ICEBREAKER STARTS CUTTING A PATH THROUGH THE DRIFT ICE!



"DAYS LATER..."

THE ICEBREAKER JUST RADIOED US, CAPTAIN -- THEY CLAIM THE ICE IS IMPASSABLE FROM HERE ON IN!

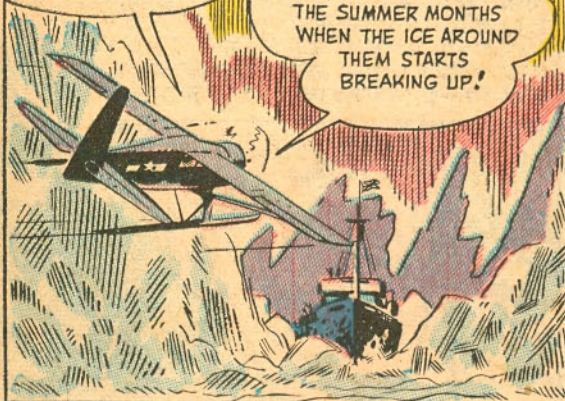
I THINK WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH NOW TO THE LITTLE AMERICA BASE TO SEND YOU OFF ON ONE OF OUR CARRIER PLANES, MR. KENDRICK! I'LL ASSIGN OUR BEST PILOT TO TAKE YOU THERE -- **AND BEST OF LUCK!**



"THROUGH THE FRIGID ARCTIC MILES! BUT, BELOW--"

LOOK -- THERE'S AN ICEBREAKER TRAPPED IN THE PACK ICE -- IT CAN'T GET BACK TO THE OPEN SEA!

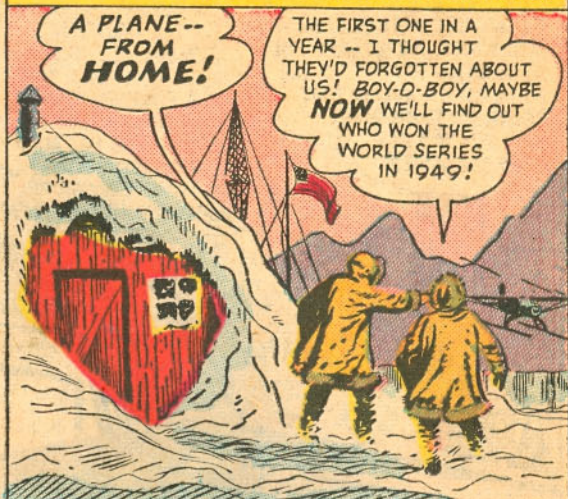
HMM, IT'S FLYING A BRITISH FLAG -- BUT IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A SHIP FROM ONE OF THE SLAVIC COUNTRIES! OH, WELL, THEY'LL GET FREE IN THE SUMMER MONTHS WHEN THE ICE AROUND THEM STARTS BREAKING UP!



"FINALLY -- **LITTLE AMERICA** -- THE UNITED STATES OUTPOST IN THE HEART OF THE DESOLATE ANTARCTIC!"

A PLANE -- FROM HOME!

THE FIRST ONE IN A YEAR -- I THOUGHT THEY'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT US! BOY-O-BOY, MAYBE **NOW** WE'LL FIND OUT WHO WON THE WORLD SERIES IN 1949!



"AFTER THE HAPPY GREETINGS AND THE EXCHANGE OF GOSSIP AND NEWS FROM AMERICA..."

BY THE WAY, WHICH ONE OF YOU IS **TOM PHILLIPS**? HE'S THE ONE I WAS TOLD TO CONTACT HERE!

TOM'S NOT HERE, BUT I'M THE LAST ONE WHO SAW HIM! THE TWO OF US WERE OUT ON THE ICE IN ROSS SEA A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, TAKING METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, WHEN WE STUMBLED ON A PARTY OF BRITISH EXPLORERS! THEY ASKED US TO GUIDE THEM TO SOUTH VICTORIA LAND, A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES AWAY -- AND TOM VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE THEM THERE!



I RETURNED HERE ALONE, BUT I DON'T THINK TOM'LL EVER COME BACK! AND THOSE LIMEYS WILL PROBABLY NEVER RETURN TO THEIR SHIP, WHICH THEY SAID WAS TRAPPED IN THE PACK ICE, EITHER, BECAUSE THEY MUST HAVE ALL BEEN CAUGHT IN THAT TERRIFIC ERUPTION OF MT. EREBUS A WEEK OR TWO LATER!

EVEN THOUGH WE WERE A FEW HUNDRED MILES AWAY, WITH THE PRINCE ALBERT MOUNTAINS BETWEEN US AND THE BLAST, WE STILL FELT THE TREMENDOUS, SEARING HEAT!



THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A VOLCANIC ERUPTION -- BUT I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT WAS! GEORGE, HOW ABOUT YOUR FLYING ME OUT TO SOUTH VICTORIA LAND? I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S COOKING -- AND I HOPE IT WASN'T **PHILLIPS**!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, KENDRICK -- I'VE GOT ORDERS TO DO WHATEVER YOU SAY! BUT WE'D BETTER GET STARTED **NOW** -- IT LOOKED AS IF AN ANTARCTIC BLIZZARD WAS BEGINNING TO BLOW UP IN THE WEST!



"LATER, WINGING OVER SOUTH VICTORIA LAND..."

JUMPIN' JIMSON -- **LOOK!** THAT... THAT ICE HAS BEEN MELTED -- FOR MILES -- CLEAR DOWN TO THE GROUND!

IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME, GEORGE -- IT'S EXACTLY WHAT I **EXPECTED** TO SEE! KEEP ON GOING! -- AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR A CRUDE HUT OR TWO! THOSE BRITISHERS MAY HAVE SURVIVED THE BLAST THAT BURNED OUT THAT ICECAP!



"FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER..."

THERE'S A CAMP! AND ONLY THOSE BRITISH WERE KNOWN TO BE IN THIS AREA -- IT **MUST** BE THEM!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! I'LL SET HER DOWN ON THAT SMOOTH SNOW-FIELD NEAR THE HUTS -- OUR SKI LANDING-GEAR WILL MAKE IT EASILY!



I SAY THERE, YOU CHAPS -- YOU'RE AMERICANS, WHAT? WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YOU -- BUT WHAT **BRINGS** YOU 'ERE?

AND WE'RE GLAD TO SEE **YOU!** WE'VE COME LOOKING FOR ONE OF OUR MEN, TOM PHILLIPS -- WE UNDERSTAND HE VOLUNTEERED TO GUIDE YOU HERE!



OH, PHILLIPS -- POOR BLOKE, 'E 'AD A BAD TIME OF IT! CAUGHT PNEUMONIA ABOUT A WEEK AGO, AND THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO TO SAVE 'IM! WITHOUT 'IM, WE'RE AS LOST AS BABES IN THE WOOD -- BUT NOW THAT **YOU** CHAPS ARE 'ERE, YOU CAN 'ELP US GET BACK TO OUR TRAPPED BOAT!

COME ON INSIDE ... WE'LL GIVE YOU A SPOT OF 'OT TEA!



THIS TEA **IS** HOT! AND SPEAKING OF **HEAT**, DID YOU BOYS MELT THAT HUGE ICECAP MILES BACK WITH THIS **TEA?**

SO YOU SAW IT, WHAT?

SHOULD WE TAKE HIM INTO OUR CONFIDENCE, SCORESBY?

SURE -- AN **AMERICAN** CAN BE TRUSTED -- EVEN WITH THE TOP-SECRET FACT THAT OUR GOVERNMENT SENT US 'ERE TO TEST OUR NEW **HYDROGEN BOMB!**



WHAT -- I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BRITISH WERE WORKING ON HYDROGEN BOMBS!

OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T, OLD CHAP -- ONLY THE VERY 'IGHTEST OFFICIALS IN YOUR GOVERNMENT KNEW ABOUT IT! AND ONLY **WE** KNOW THE AMAZING FACT WE LEARNED WHEN WE TRIED THE BOMB OUT! SINCE THE EXPLOSION 'AD A TEMPERATURE OF 60,000,000 DEGREES CENTIGRADE -- **THREE TIMES 'OTTER** THAN THE SUN'S INTERIOR -- IT MELTED ALL THE ICE FOR MILES AROUND --

-- AND REVEALED AN UNDERLYING MINERAL WHICH 'AS THE CAPACITY TO **ABSORB ATOMIC RADIATIONS!** WE'D BEEN PREPARED TO ABANDON THE AREA AFTER THE EXPLOSION, BUT WHEN OUR INSTRUMENTS SHOWED THAT NO DEADLY RADIATIONS PERSISTED, WE BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE! THIS NEW MINERAL MAKES RADIOACTIVE RAYS ABSOLUTELY **HARMLESS** -- SO THAT AT LAST BRITAIN AND ALL THE DEMOCRACIES 'AVE A **FOOLPROOF DEFENSE AGAINST DEADLY ATOMIC RAYS!**



BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO ESCAPE THE EFFECTS OF THE BLAST ITSELF--WEREN'T YOU TOO CLOSE TO IT WHEN IT WAS DETONATED?

NO, ONLY HEAT CAN DETONATE OUR BOMB! WE JUST PLANTED IT IN THE ICE WITH A HEATER THAT WAS TIMED TO DISCHARGE IT AFTER WE'D GOTTEN FAR ENOUGH AWAY! AND NOW THAT WE KNOW THE BOMB CAN BE SAFELY DETONATED, WE'RE ANXIOUS TO GET BACK AND TELL THE DEMOCRACIES ABOUT IT AND ABOUT THE WONDERFUL NEW DEFENSE AGAINST ATOMIC RAYS!

WILL YOU DRAW US A MAP SHOWING JUST WHERE WE ARE? YOU MIGHT ALSO INDICATE WHERE LITTLE AMERICA IS--BECAUSE OUR BOAT IS CAUGHT IN THE ICE NOT FAR FROM THERE!

BE GLAD TO-- AND WE CAN ALL FLY THERE IN MY PLANE! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BE CAREFUL TO FLY AT LEAST 13,000 FEET OVER LITTLE AMERICA, IN CASE THE WEATHER IS BAD--BECAUSE THERE ARE SOME PRETTY BAD MOUNTAINS THERE!

THERE, THE MAP'S FINISHED! YOU'LL PROBABLY BE SURPRISED THAT LITTLE AMERICA IS SO CLOSE TO OUR POSITION HERE--BUT IT'S MUCH FURTHER AWAY IF WE WERE TO TRY TO GET THERE ON FOOT! BUT YOU REALLY DON'T NEED THE MAP--SINCE MY PILOT WILL FLY US TO LITTLE AMERICA!

I'LL TAKE THE MAP ANYWAY, AS A SOUVENIR! AND NOW, WHAT SAY WE ALL TURN IN--WE'LL GET AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING!



"BUT, THAT NIGHT ..."

BUT I DON'T GET IT, KENDRICK--WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF WAKIN' ME UP AND SAYIN' WE'VE GOTTA STEAL OUTA HERE?

SHH -- I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S IN THE NEXT HUT!



OH, OH -- I HADN'T COUNTED ON A GUARD BEING OUT HERE!

STOP -- WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING, SNOOPING AROUND HERE? I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO ---

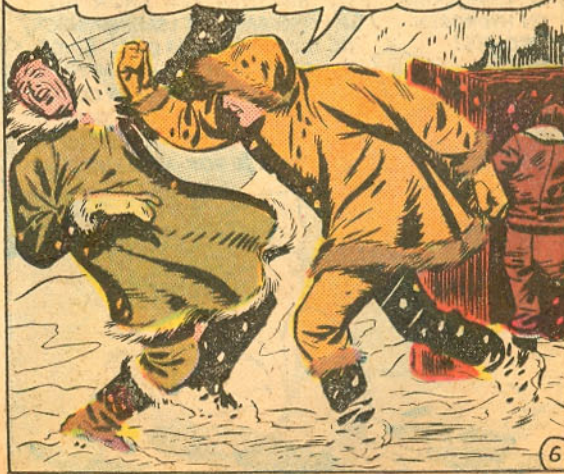


YOU CAN THINK ABOUT IT -- I'LL ACT!

OWWW!



THIS'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF OUR WAY! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST -- THEY MAY HAVE HEARD HIS OUTCRY! OPEN THE DOOR OF THAT HUT!





JUMPIN' JIMSON--
JUST LOOK AT
THAT GUY! HE'S
ALMOST A
SKELETON--
AS IF HE'S
BEEN
STARVED!

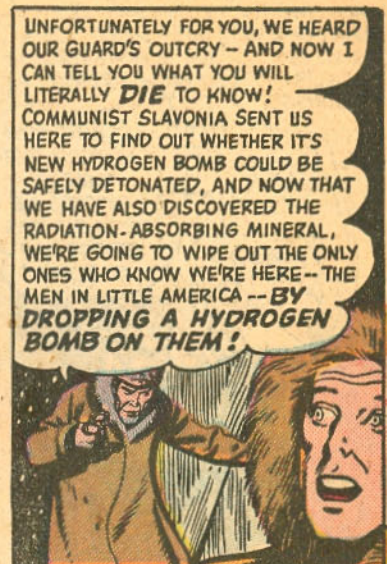
YOU MUST BE
PHILLIPS!
WE'RE
AMERICANS,
COME TO
HELP YOU--
**WHAT
HAPPENED?**

WHO...
WHO
ARE...
YOU?

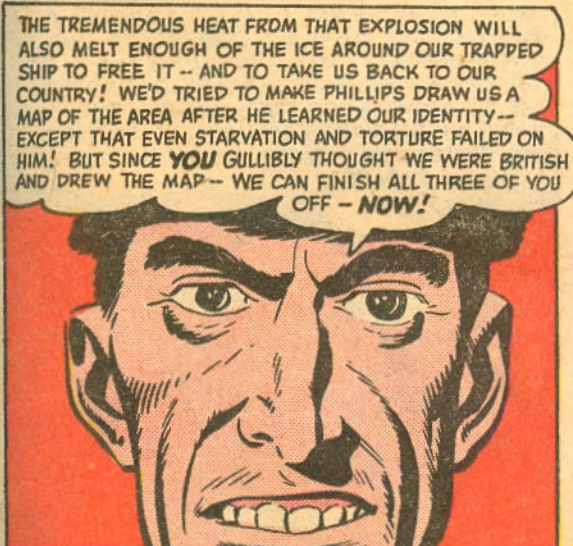


THOSE... THOSE MEN--THEY
AREN'T-- **BRITISH!** I-I WAS
SUSPICIOUS OF 'EM... THAT'S
WHY... I... VOLUNTEERED TO
GUIDE THEM HERE! THEN
I FOUND OUT THAT THEY...
THEY ---

YES--THAT
WE WERE
IMPOSTORS
--**REDS!**



UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, WE HEARD
OUR GUARD'S OUTCRY-- AND NOW I
CAN TELL YOU WHAT YOU WILL
LITERALLY **DIE** TO KNOW!
COMMUNIST SLAVONIA SENT US
HERE TO FIND OUT WHETHER IT'S
NEW HYDROGEN BOMB COULD BE
SAFELY DETONATED, AND NOW THAT
WE HAVE ALSO DISCOVERED THE
RADIATION-ABSORBING MINERAL,
WE'RE GOING TO WIPE OUT THE ONLY
ONES WHO KNOW WE'RE HERE-- THE
MEN IN LITTLE AMERICA --**BY
DROPPING A HYDROGEN
BOMB ON THEM!**



THE TREMENDOUS HEAT FROM THAT EXPLOSION WILL
ALSO MELT ENOUGH OF THE ICE AROUND OUR TRAPPED
SHIP TO FREE IT-- AND TO TAKE US BACK TO OUR
COUNTRY! WE'D TRIED TO MAKE PHILLIPS DRAW US A
MAP OF THE AREA AFTER HE LEARNED OUR IDENTITY--
EXCEPT THAT EVEN STARVATION AND TORTURE FAILED ON
HIM! BUT SINCE **YOU** GULLIBLY THOUGHT WE WERE BRITISH
AND DREW THE MAP-- WE CAN FINISH ALL THREE OF YOU
OFF-- **NOW!**



THINK
SO,
RAT?

OOF!

OHHHHHHH!

BANG!



YOU DIRTY VULTURE--
YOU **KILLED** HIM!

SO K!



I'LL GET YOU ALL
FOR THAT!
I'LL ---

YOU'LL **GIVE UP**--
UNLESS YOU WANT
MY NEXT BULLET
TO GO THROUGH
PHILLIPS!



THERE IT GOES! IT'LL BURY ITSELF IN THE SNOW AND THE AUTOMATIC HEATER WILL DETONATE IT IN HALF AN HOUR -- WHEN WE ARE FAR ENOUGH AWAY TO BE SAFE FROM THE BLAST! IT'LL DESTROY THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW OF OUR PRESENCE IN ANTARCTICA -- **AND LEAVE OUR COUNTRY FREE TO EXPLOIT THE NEW MINERAL WE FOUND THERE!**



BUT 500 FEET BELOW THE PLANE GAPES THE YAWNING MOUTH OF THE ACTIVE VOLCANIC CRATER, MT. EREBUS -- AND RED TONGUES OF FLAME LICK HUNGRILY AT THE BOMB AS IT DESCENDS INTO THE FIERY DEPTHS!



IT...IT **WORKED!** THE...THE HEAT IS SO INTENSE IT'S TEMPORARILY DISSOLVED THE BUZZARD -- I CAN EVEN SEE THE ATOMIC MUSHROOM EFFECT AGAINST THE HORIZON! **THIS** BLAST WILL BRING MORE U.S. MEN DOWN HERE TO INVESTIGATE -- THEY'LL LEARN ABOUT THE RAY-ABSORBING MINERAL! NOW I... I CAN DIE CONTENT...



AND AS THE VOLCANIC FLAMES DETONATE THE BOMB...

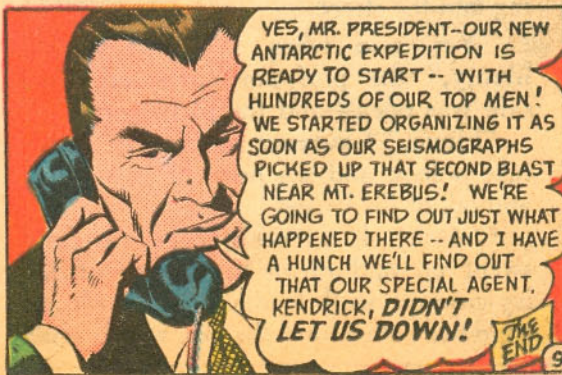
BA-ROOM!



WEEKS LATER, BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN...

OUR ANTARCTIC ICEBREAKER REPORTED BACK WITHOUT OUR SCIENTISTS -- THEY MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THE DETONATION OF THE HYDROGEN BOMB!

IF **THEY** -- THE BEST SCIENTIFIC BRAINS OF THE SLAVIC WORLD -- COULDN'T DETONATE THE BOMB SAFELY, THEN **NO** COUNTRY CAN! WE HAD BET ABANDON ALL EFFORTS ON THE HYDROGEN BOMB!



YES, MR. PRESIDENT -- OUR NEW ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION IS READY TO START -- WITH HUNDREDS OF OUR TOP MEN! WE STARTED ORGANIZING IT AS SOON AS OUR SEISMOGRAPHS PICKED UP THAT SECOND BLAST NEAR MT. EREBUS! WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT HAPPENED THERE -- AND I HAVE A HUNCH WE'LL FIND OUT THAT OUR SPECIAL AGENT, KENDRICK, **DIDN'T LET US DOWN!**

THE END

Trapped IVY

LAWRENCE HOLDEN'S hands were tight on the wheel of his car and his expression was grim as he drove swiftly through the Washington traffic and out into the quiet Georgetown suburb. From the little information the Chief had given him over the phone, he knew how serious the case was. The plans that had been stolen last night from the home of a top official in the Office of Scientific Research and Development could very well prove to be the undoing of America if they fell into the hands of a potential enemy.

When Lawrence drove up to the address the Chief had given him, he saw a large, three-story, rambling house with ivy-covered walls—and a virtual horde of police and detectives swarming around it. Flashing the credentials that proved him to be ace trouble-shooter for the Counter-Espionage Service, he pushed his way into the house and was met by a worried Chief and a thin, harried, professorial man.

"This is Prof. Hornsby, Larry," the Chief said. "He'd taken the plans of the Army's new magnetic weapon home to do some final mathematical calculations on them, and then locked them up in his safe in the library on the third floor. Around dawn, the butler aroused the whole household by shouting that a prowler was climbing down the ivy from the third floor window and escaping into the street."

"Yes, and when I rushed to the library," the professor continued, "the safe was open—and the plans gone!"

"Hmm," Lawrence murmured. "Let's take a look and see how the spy got in and out of the house."

Outside, Lawrence's eyes carefully swept up and down the length of the ivy-covered wall leading to the library window, noting that the ivy was bruised

from the window ledge to about a height of ten feet above the ground. "Uh-huh," Lawrence grunted. "I think we may be able to crack this case wide open—ask the butler to come out here!"

The butler turned out to be tall, heavy-set and impassive.

"Tell me," Lawrence said, "were all the windows and doors locked last night?"

"Certainly, sir," the butler said stiffly. "All bolted from the inside, except the third floor windows. The only way the thief could have gotten in was by climbing up the ivy."

"You're wrong—this was an *inside* job!" Lawrence said softly. "That ivy isn't bruised from the ground up to a height of ten feet—and anyone who climbed up would have *had* to leave some traces below ten feet! The fact that no one got a foothold at the bottom of the ivy proves that it was bruised only by someone climbing *down*—someone who had entered the library from the inside of the house, stolen the plans, climbed down the ivy to make it look like an *outside* job—but someone who made the mistake of jumping from a height of ten feet instead of climbing all the way down! Then the thief reentered the house through a door he had conveniently left open—and began shouting that he had just seen a prowler climbing down the —*No, you don't!*" As the suddenly snarling butler swiftly reached into his coat and began drawing a gun, Lawrence's even swifter fist reached the point of his jaw—and sent the butler crashing back against the ivy-covered bricks!

"Search his room thoroughly," Lawrence said, looking down at the unconscious man. "He didn't have time to slip the plans to anyone—but he'll have plenty of time to think about his mistakes when he starts serving his sentence for *espionage!*"

KING OF SPIES

Unique in the annals of history is the saga of Mithridates the Great, King of Persia around 100 B.C. -- the only king in history who did his own **SPYING!** Mithridates trusted no one, was suspicious even of his own spies -- and so trained himself to act as his own secret agent -- becoming a one-man, **royal ESPIONAGE AGENT!**



THE YOUNG PRINCE BEGAN HIS TRAINING AS A SPY AT THE TENDER AGE OF ELEVEN -- BY POSING AS A MOUNTAIN SHEPHERD WHILE SECRETLY LEARNING THE STRENGTH OF THE TROOPS HE WOULD HAVE TO OVERCOME BEFORE HE COULD ASSUME THE THRONE!



DISGUISED AS A CARAVAN BOY, THE YOUNG MITHRIDATES TRAVELED ALL THROUGH ASIA MINOR, BECOMING MASTER OF 22 LANGUAGES -- WHICH STOOD HIM IN GOOD STEAD IN PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN WHICH WAS DESTINED TO MAKE HIM A MIGHTY MONARCH!



WHEN HE FINALLY BECAME KING, MITHRIDATES CONTINUED HIS PERSONAL SPYING ON ALL POTENTIAL ENEMIES -- AND HIS ESPIONAGE ENABLED HIM TO DEFEAT THE ROMAN AND GREEK ARMIES -- AND OVERRUN ALL OF ASIA MINOR!



BUT IN SPITE OF HIS TREMENDOUS SUCCESSSES, THE SPYING KING COULD NEVER RID HIMSELF OF THE FEAR THAT SOME ENEMY WOULD EVENTUALLY ASSASSINATE HIM! HE EVEN TRIED SATURATING HIS BODY WITH DIFFERENT POISONS SO THAT HE WOULD BECOME INVULNERABLE!



AFTER KILLING ALMOST HIS ENTIRE FAMILY OUT OF FEAR THAT THEY WOULD TRY TO MURDER HIM AND SEIZE HIS THRONE, MITHRIDATES WAS FINALLY SLAIN BY A POWERFUL DRAUGHT OF POISON -- SECRETLY ADMINISTERED BY THE ONE SON WHOM HE HAD TRUSTED!

The End

True ESPIONAGE CASES

The CASE of the TRAITOROUS AIR-RAID WARDEN

ALL SPIES PRIDE THEMSELVES ON THEIR CLEVERNESS... BUT THERE WAS ONE, WHOSE NAME WE SHALL WITHHOLD TO PROTECT INNOCENT MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, WHO LET HIS INGENUITY BETRAY HIM! AS AN AIR-RAID WARDEN IN WORLD WAR 2, HE WAS ENTITLED TO WATCH THE CONVOYS LEAVING FROM THE NEW YORK PORT OF EMBARKATION! IT WAS AN INGENUOUS POSE FOR A SPY... HE THOUGHT!

ELEVEN SHIPS, WITH 28 LONG-RANGE GUNS... ONE STEAMER WITH DECK LOAD OF AIR-PLANES...



THE SPY PICKED UP ADDITIONAL INFORMATION FROM HIS JOB AS PORTER AROUND THE WATERFRONT...

HMM, THIS SHIPMENT WILL HAVE BOEING AND DOUGLAS AIRPLANE PARTS, CURTISS-WRIGHT PLANES, MOTORS, SMALL MUNITIONS...



WHEN WHEN HE THOUGHT HE HAD ENOUGH INFORMATION...

THIS NEW INVISIBLE INK CAN'T POSSIBLY BE DETECTED... EXCEPT BY MY FELLOW AGENTS IN SWITZERLAND AND PORTUGAL! THAT CONVOY WILL NEVER GET THROUGH!



BUT... WHEN HIS LETTERS REACHED THE COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE CORPS CENSORING OFFICE...

LOOK AT THAT... BETWEEN THE LINES... "ELEVEN SHIPS LEAVING FOR RUSSIA INCLUDING STEAMER WITH AIRPLANE MOTORS AND 28 LONG RANGE GUNS..."

THE STUPID FOOL... HE DIDN'T REALIZE OUR INFRA-RED RAYS CAN MAKE ANY INVISIBLE INK VISIBLE!... LET'S GO!



ALL RIGHT, DROP THOSE GLASSES... **TRAITOR!** IF YOU LIKE LOOKING AT SCENERY SO MUCH, MAYBE WE'LL TRY TO GET YOU A CELL WITH A VIEW!



AT THE TRIAL, THE TRAITOR CONFESSED THAT HE HAD RECEIVED THE PALTRY SUM OF FIFTY DOLLARS A WEEK FOR RISKING HIS LIFE AT FRUITLESS SPYING! BUT THOSE WEREN'T THE ONLY WAGES HE RECEIVED FOR HIS TREACHERY...

IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT THAT YOU SERVE THIRTY YEARS AT HARD LABOR IN A FEDERAL PENITENTIARY!



Jonathan KENT

ESPIONAGE
ACE

GREAT GUNS...
A PROWLER! DR.
GRIST...GET OUT
OF THE DOOR-
WAY!

BANG!

DEAL THIRTEEN PLAYING CARDS...JUST AN ORDINARY BRIDGE HAND! CAN YOU DETECT ANYTHING THAT POINTS TO A **DIFFERENT** KIND OF GAME... THE DESPERATE, RELENTLESS GAMBLE KNOWN AS INTERNATIONAL CONSPIRACY? WATCH HOW **JONATHAN KENT** FINDS WHAT'S IN THE CARDS...A **QUEEN** WITH MORE CURVES THAN A SKI TRAIL...A PAIR OF **MURDEROUS JACKS**... AND A SPY MISSION THAT TURNS OUT TO BE A **JOKER**! IT BEGINS AT THE HOME OF A SCIENTIST...

AS JONATHAN LUNGES...

OOOPS!

CRACK!

CRASH!

NO WONDER SHE TOOK A HEADER THROUGH THE WINDOW, DR. GRIST ---IT'S **LOCKED!** THERE'S NO DOUBT **THIS** TIE IN WITH THE PERSON YOU FOUND AT YOUR **LABORATORY** LAST NIGHT!

THEY'RE OBVIOUSLY GOING THROUGH MY PAPERS, KENT ---BUT WHY PICK ON A SPECIALIST IN **HYETOLOGY** ---THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF RAINFALL? AND WITH DOZENS OF NEW PROCESSES AND EXPERIMENTS IN MY FILES ---**WHICH ONE ARE THEY AFTER?**

THOSE ANSWERS WILL HAVE TO WAIT! WHAT INTERESTS ME **NOW** IS HOW BOTH YOUR HOME AND YOUR LABORATORY WERE ENTERED---WITH-OUT ANY SIGN THAT THE LOCKS HAD BEEN FORCED! AS A SCIENTIST, YOUR DAILY ROUTINE IS HIGHLY REGULAR---AND EVEN THE SLIGHTEST VARIATION MIGHT HOLD A CLUE! WHOM DID YOU SEE DURING THE LAST FEW DAYS---AND WHAT UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS CAN YOU REMEMBER?

NOTHING WORTH MENTIONING, I'M AFRAID! LET ME SEE---WELL, MY MAID QUIT---MY LABORATORY PHONE WENT OUT OF ORDER---AND I PLAYED A GAME OF BRIDGE!

LET'S START WITH THE MAID! WHEN DID YOU HIRE HER? DID SHE RETURN THE HOUSE KEY WHEN SHE LEFT?

KATHY ADAMS STARTED WORKING FOR ME ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO! YES, SHE GAVE ME THE KEY WHEN SHE TURNED IN HER UNIFORM---I HAVE IT IN MY POCKET NOW!

BUT SHE **DID** HAVE A KEY---ONE THAT COULD EASILY HAVE BEEN COPIED DURING THOSE SIX MONTHS! WHAT ABOUT YOUR PHONE?

IT RANG REPEATEDLY YESTERDAY AFTER-NOON--- STOPPING THE MOMENT I PICKED UP THE RECEIVER, AND RINGING AGAIN A MOMENT LATER! WHEN THIS HAPPENED SEVERAL TIMES, I PHONED THE COMPANY TO SEND A REPAIR MAN---WHO ARRIVED SOON AFTERWARD, STAYED A FEW MINUTES, AND LEFT!

THAT'S INTERESTING, TOO! NOW GIVE ME THE LOWDOWN ON YOUR BRIDGE GAME! WHO WAS HERE?

AS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD, I'M A WELL-KNOWN AMATEUR PLAYER---EVEN THOUGH MY NIGHT WORK AT THE LAB DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH TIME FOR A GAME! LAST NIGHT, HOWEVER, I MADE AN EXCEPTION---SINCE I HAD A CHANCE TO PLAY WITH BORIS STAMM, WHO WRITES A DAILY BRIDGE COLUMN IN THE "**HERALD**"!

HE SUGGESTED A GAME? WHO ELSE PLAYED?

TWO SCIENTIST FRIENDS---DR. JOHN MEADOWS AND PROFESSOR ALLAN REID! AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, I REMEMBERED SOME IMPORTANT WORK AT THE LABORATORY---AND THE GAME BROKE UP! YOU ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THE PROWLER I FOUND WHEN I GOT THERE---AND HOW HE PUSHED ME ASIDE AND ESCAPED!

THAT'S ABOUT IT, KENT! SORRY I CAN'T GIVE YOU MORE TO WORK ON!

I'M NOT... BECAUSE I'VE HEARD ENOUGH TO KEEP ME BUSY FOR HOURS! MEANWHILE... DON'T GIVE **ANYONE** THE SLIGHTEST HINT WE'RE WORKING ON THE CASE!



MINUTES LATER... AT COUNTERESPIONAGE HEADQUARTERS...

AS FAR AS OUR ASIATIC SECTION CAN FIGURE, CHIEF... IT'S NO COINCIDENCE THAT COMMUNIST FORCES ARE MASSED NEAR THE PAKISTAN FRONTIER IN BOTH TURKISTAN AND CHINA! LOOKS LIKE A TWO-PRONGED SQUEEZE PLAY!

WAIT A MINUTE, CHARLIE!... WHAT? THOSE NAMES AGAIN, KENT? JOHN MEADOWS... YEP... ALLAN REID! HOLD ON WHILE I CHECK!



ACCORDING TO THE LIST, KENT, THEY BOTH PASSED RIGID LOYALTY TESTS! ANYTHING ELSE ON THAT GRIST CASE?

I'M PLUGGING, CHIEF! CLEAR IT WITH THE ATTORNEY GENERAL TO GET PHONE TAPS ON **KATHY ADAMS, BORIS STAMM, AND RALPH GLIDDEN!** PHONE COMPANY TELLS ME THAT GLIDDEN'S THE REPAIRMAN WHO FIXED A FEW BUGS FOR DR. GRIST YESTERDAY! I WANT A TAG PUT ON ALL THREE... PLUS A MAIL, TELEGRAM, AND SHORT WAVE RADIO CHECK... **THE WORKS!**

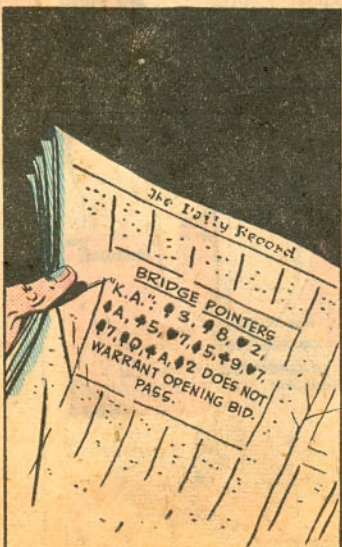
MIGHT BE RUDE TO CALL ON STAMM WITHOUT EVER HAVING READ HIS BRIDGE COLUMN!

WON'T BE OUT FOR AN HOUR, MISTER? WANT YESTERDAY'S?

LET'S HAVE A "HERALD" BUD!



NOTHING BUT THE USUAL CHATTER IN STAMM'S COLUMN... BUT I WONDER WHY THE CARDS MENTIONED IN A READER'S BRIDGE PROBLEM WEREN'T ARRANGED IN THE CUSTOMARY WAY... IN SUITS?



I MAY BE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE... BUT I'M GOING TO LEARN ALL I CAN FROM STAMM WITHOUT RAISING ANY SUSPICIONS!



MINUTES LATER... AT THE "HERALD"...

IT VEXES ME TO HAVE MISSED YOUR COLUMN ALL THIS TIME, MR. STAMM... BECAUSE AS ORGANIZER OF THE **SATURDAY BRIDGE CLUB**, I'M SURE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN HELPFUL! DO YOU SUPPOSE I CAN GET BACK COPIES?

VERY EASILY... SINCE THE COLUMN STARTED JUST SIX MONTHS AGO! THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT HAS ALL THE OLD ISSUES... AND I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU WITH ANYTHING ELSE!



WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A MEMBERSHIP DRIVE... AND WE'D LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR BRIDGE FANS! TO START WITH... CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO CONTACT THE "**K.A.**" MENTIONED IN YESTERDAY'S COLUMN?

K.A.... HERE IT IS, MR. KENT... **KATINA ADAMOVA!** BUT I'M AFRAID I'VE MISLAID BOTH THE ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER!



STAMM REACHES FOR HIS PHONE AS **JONATHAN** LEAVES... ONLY TO BE CHECKED BY A SUDDEN SUSPICION... THE CRAFTY INSIGHT OF A MASTER SPY!

THINGS ARE BUILDING UP! HOPE THE CHIEF'S GOT THIS PLACE COVERED!



A MOMENT LATER...



HI, MACK! GOT ALL ENTRANCES WATCHED?

FRONT, BACK, AND FREIGHT! GOT A LEAD?



COULD BE! WHO'S CHECKING KATHY ADAMS?

DICK FOSTER! 290 HARBOR ROAD!

SOON AFTERWARD...

SHE IN?

YEP... HASN'T STIRRED! REGAN'S DOWN BELOW WITH A TAP ON HER PHONE... NO CALLS SO FAR!



YES?

MISS ADAMOVA? EXCUSE MY DROPPING IN LIKE THIS... BUT I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE A **BRIDGE PLAYER!**

WHY, YES --- I --- I
SUPPOSE I **AM**
INTERESTED IN
BRIDGE! WHAT
ABOUT IT?

I'M HEAD OF THE **SATURDAY
BRIDGE CLUB!** HOW ABOUT
YOUR SITTING IN AS FOURTH
IN A FEW RUBBERS OF
CUTTHROAT BRIDGE?

THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU
--- BUT I RARELY GO OUT!
DON'T **YOU** DO ANYTHING
BUT PLAY CARDS?

BABY, TO ME THERE'S **NOTHING**
MORE IMPORTANT THAN PLAYING
MY CARDS **RIGHT!**



I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
BEEN BORED, LATELY --- BUT I'D
LIKE TO SEE YOU MORE OFTEN!
IS THERE ANYTHING IN
THE RULES AGAINST IT?

**OUR RULES MAKE IT
PRACTICALLY A MUST,
SWEETHEART!**



Then---

**LOOK
OUT!**



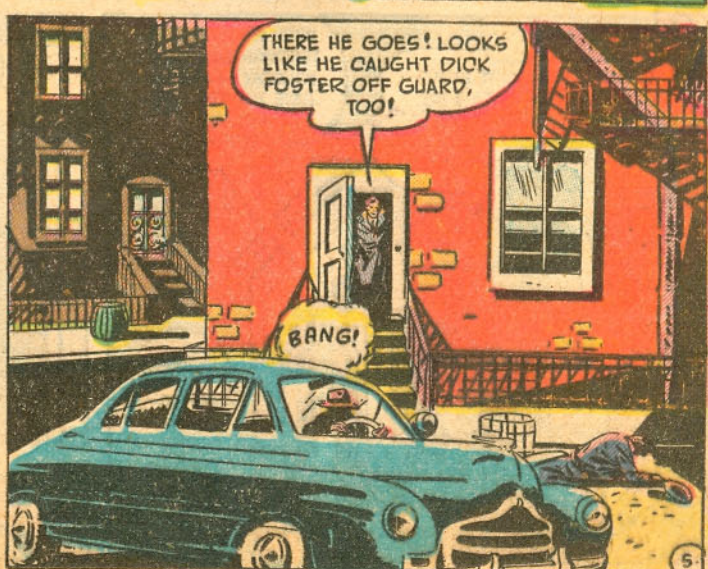
YOU PICKED A BAD
TIME TO INTERRUPT,
CHUM!



BLAZES!
I SURE REACHED
FOR THAT ONE!



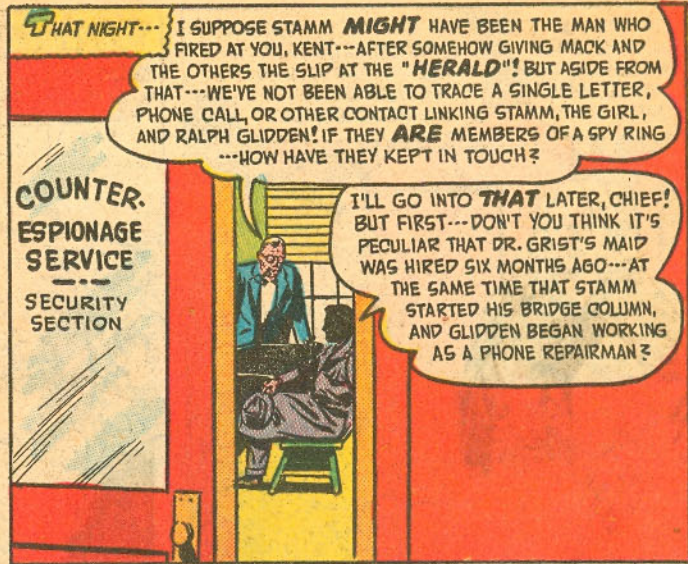
THERE HE GOES! LOOKS
LIKE HE CAUGHT DICK
FOSTER OFF GUARD,
TOO!





WE MIGHT AS WELL DROP THE ACT, KENT... WHOEVER **THAT WAS KNOWS** WE'RE AFTER HIM! DID YOU GET A LOOK AT HIM?

NOPE... BUT **YOU'RE** GETTING AN ASSIGNMENT I ENVY! IN OTHER WORDS, BUD... **KEEP AN EYE ON KATINA!**



COUNTER-ESPIONAGE SERVICE

SECURITY SECTION

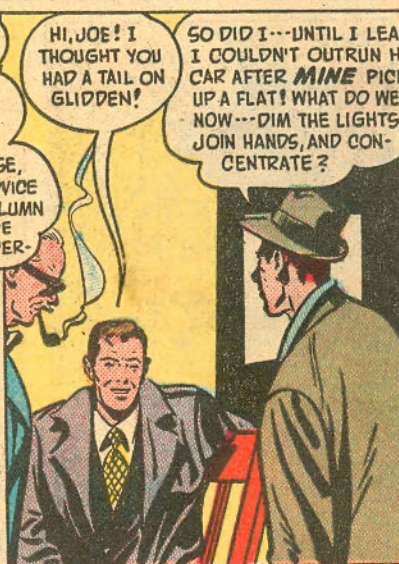
THAT NIGHT... I SUPPOSE STAMM **MIGHT** HAVE BEEN THE MAN WHO FIRED AT YOU, KENT... AFTER SOMEHOW GIVING MACK AND THE OTHERS THE SLIP AT THE "**HERALD**"! BUT ASIDE FROM THAT... WE'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO TRACE A SINGLE LETTER, PHONE CALL, OR OTHER CONTACT LINKING STAMM, THE GIRL, AND RALPH GLIDDEN! IF THEY **ARE** MEMBERS OF A SPY RING... HOW HAVE THEY KEPT IN TOUCH?

I'LL GO INTO **THAT** LATER, CHIEF! BUT FIRST... DON'T YOU THINK IT'S PECULIAR THAT DR. GRIST'S MAID WAS HIRED SIX MONTHS AGO... AT THE SAME TIME THAT STAMM STARTED HIS BRIDGE COLUMN, AND GLIDDEN BEGAN WORKING AS A PHONE REPAIRMAN?



DR. GRIST'S MAID! **SHE** FIT INTO THIS?

KATHY ADAMS? **SHE** FITS BECAUSE **KATINA ADAMOVA** DOESN'T KNOW ONE OF THE BASIC FACTS ABOUT BRIDGE... THAT **CUTTHROAT** IS A THREE-HANDED GAME! THAT BEING THE CASE, WHY WOULD STAMM OFFER HER ADVICE ON AN ADVANCED PROBLEM IN HIS COLUMN... UNLESS THE **CARDS** PROVIDE THAT CONTACT YOU'RE WONDERING ABOUT... **A CONTACT IN CODE!**



HI, JOE! I THOUGHT YOU HAD A TAIL ON GLIDDEN!

SO DID I... UNTIL I LEARNED I COULDN'T OUTRUN HIS CAR AFTER **MINE** PICKED UP A FLAT! WHAT DO WE DO NOW... DIM THE LIGHTS, JOIN HANDS, AND CONCENTRATE?



DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, CHUM... I THINK I CAN FIND HIM! CHIEF... HAVE THE CODE BUREAU LOOK OVER THAT BRIDGE HAND!



MINUTES LATER...

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, KENT... BUT HOW **CAN** ANYONE BE INSIDE? ALL THE WINDOWS ARE LATCHED... AND THE DOORS HAVE SPECIAL BURGLAR-PROOF LOCKS!

WISH WE COULD SEE THROUGH THAT FROSTED WINDOW GLASS! LET'S HAVE THE KEY... AND STAND CLEAR OF THE DOORWAY!



FIND SOMETHING?





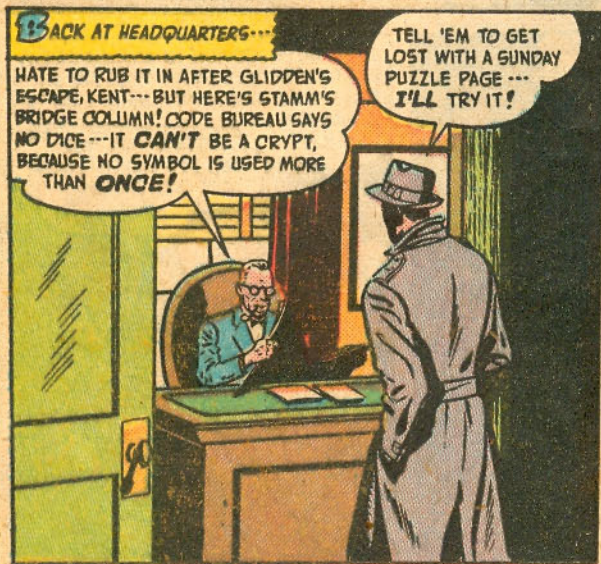
AND GOT!
WHAT SORT OF
PROCESS?

YOU MAY RECALL THAT DRY ICE
SCATTERED FROM A PLANE OVER
DROUGHT AREAS **SOMETIMES**
INDUCES RAIN! I'VE DISCOVERED
A METHOD THAT **NEVER** FAILS...
BY ADDING **HEAVY HYDROGEN**
TO THE FORMULA! IT CAUSES
TORRENTIAL RAINFALL...MILLIONS
OF GALLONS PER SQUARE MILE...
THE KIND THAT'S NEEDED TO
FILL EMPTY RESERVOIRS OR
EXTINGUISH WIDE-
SPREAD FIRES!



NATURALLY, THE PROCESS MUST
BE USED CAUTIOUSLY... BUT IT'S
NOT AT ALL WHAT SPIES ARE
GENERALLY AFTER! WHY WOULD
INTERNATIONAL PLOTTERS
BE INTERESTED IN
RAINFALL?

THAT'S A CLOUDY POINT
AT THE MOMENT... BUT
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN
SQUEEZE OUT OF IT!
MEANWHILE, I'LL HAVE
GUARDS POSTED AROUND
THE CLOCK... BOTH HERE
AND AT YOUR HOME!



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...

HATE TO RUB IT IN AFTER GLIDDEN'S
ESCAPE, KENT... BUT HERE'S STAMM'S
BRIDGE COLUMN! CODE BUREAU SAYS
NO DICE...IT **CAN'T** BE A CRYPT,
BECAUSE NO SYMBOL IS USED MORE
THAN **ONCE!**

TELL 'EM TO GET
LOST WITH A SUNDAY
PUZZLE PAGE...
I'LL TRY IT!



**AND SO JONATHAN TRIES... FOR NEARLY TEN STRAIGHT
HOURS OF GRUELING CONCENTRATION!**

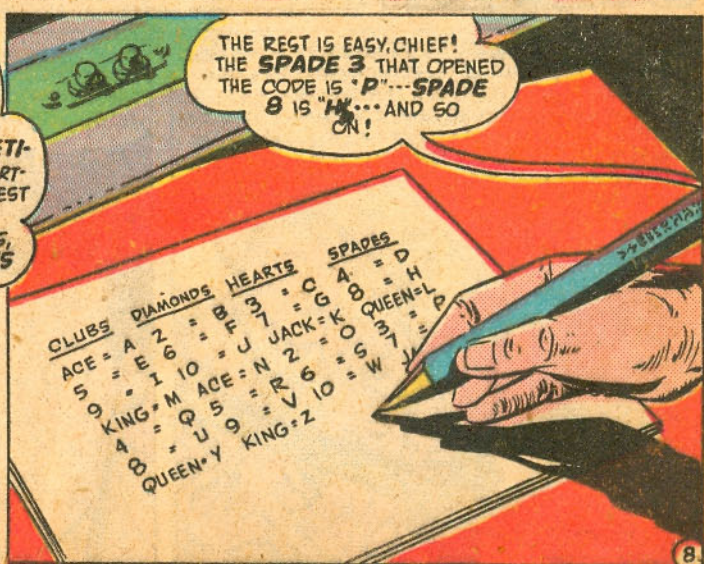
THE MORE BLEARY-EYED I GET, THE MORE I'M
SURE THIS CODE IS BASICALLY LIKE ANY OTHER!
THE CARD SYMBOLS REPRESENT **LETTERS**...
THEY'RE WORKED OUT IN SOME KIND OF
REGULAR SEQUENCE...
AND **THAT'S** WHAT I'VE
GOT TO FIND!



EARLY NEXT DAY...

I WAS THINKING, KENT...
SINCE ALL FOUR SUITS
ARE USED, MAYBE THEY
FOLLOW THE SAME ORDER
IN THE CODE AS THEY
DO IN BRIDGE...WITH
SPADES RANKING HIGH-
EST, FOLLOWED BY HEARTS,
DIAMONDS, AND CLUBS!

THAT ANGLE
CONKED OUT ON ME
AROUND MIDNIGHT!
BUT WAIT...SUPPOSE
THE SEQUENCE OF
SUITS IS **ALPHABETI-
CAL**... **CLUBS** START-
ING WITH THE LOWEST
LETTER... THEN
DIAMONDS, HEARTS,
AND **SPADES? LET'S**
TRY IT!



THE REST IS EASY, CHIEF!
THE **SPADE 3** THAT OPENED
THE CODE IS "**P**"... **SPADE**
8 IS "**H**"... AND SO
ON!

CLUBS	DIAMONDS	HEARTS	SPADES
ACE = A	2 = B	3 = C	4 = D
5 = E	6 = F	7 = G	8 = H
9 = I	10 = J	JACK = K	QUEEN = L
KING = M	ACE = N	2 = O	3 = P
4 = Q	5 = R	6 = S	7 = T
8 = U	9 = V	10 = W	
QUEEN = Y	KING = Z		

I CAN SEE NOW WHY STAMM DIDN'T USE ANY CARD SYMBOL MORE THAN ONCE! HE **COULDN'T**, IF HE WANTED TO PASS HIS THIRTEEN-LETTER MESSAGE OFF AS A GENUINE BRIDGE HAND...ANY MORE THAN YOU'D FIND **TWO HEART KINGS**, OR **TWO CLUB FIVES**, IN A NORMAL DECK!

"**PHONE GRIST LAB!**" GET THE ANGLE? DR. GRIST THOUGHT HIS LAB PHONE WAS OUT OF WHACK BECAUSE STAMM INSTRUCTED KATINA ADAMOVA TO REPEATEDLY DIAL THE NUMBER...**AND REPEATEDLY HANG UP!**

THAT WAS GLIDDEN'S CUE TO CALL AT THE LAB... STAYING JUST LONG ENOUGH TO DRILL AND SEAL THE HOLE IN THE WINDOW FRAME! SMART, SURE... BUT GLIDDEN WAS MY FIRST SUSPECT... BECAUSE DR. GRIST COULDN'T HAVE USED THE PHONE TO CALL FOR A REPAIRMAN **IF IT WAS REALLY OUT OF ORDER!**



HERE'S HOW MY HUNCH WORKED OUT, CHIEF! BUT YOU CAN'T MOVE ARMIES OVER A MOUNTAIN RANGE THREE MILES HIGH! SOMETHING ELSE IS COOKING...AND I DON'T LIKE THE WAY IT SIZES UP!

THAT THE AFTERNOON EDITION, CHARLIE? LET'S HAVE IT A SECOND!



THERE'S ANOTHER BOGUS BRIDGE HAND IN STAMM'S COLUMN...MARKED **R.G.** AND **K.A.**? YOU'D THINK THAT AT **THIS** STAGE, STAMM WOULD HAVE GOTTEN CAUTIOUS!

ALL THE MORE REASON FOR HIS USING THE CODE! AS FAR AS STAMM KNOWS, WE MERELY **SUSPECT** A CODE...AND WITH EVERY OTHER MEANS OF COMMUNICATION BLOCKED, IT REMAINS THE ONLY CONTACT HE **CAN** USE! LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S GOT ON HIS MIND!



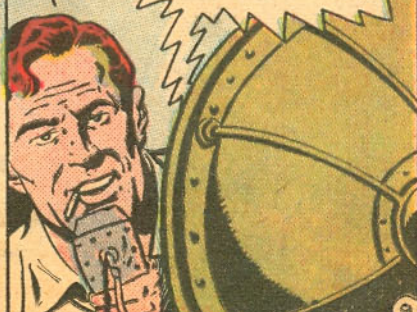
"DIAMOND 5, CLUB 8, HEART 6, SPADE 8..." **RUSH...TO...MY...PLACE!** THEY'VE GOT WHAT THEY WERE AFTER, CHIEF...AND DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS THEY'RE PULLING OUT!

THAT MEANS THE MEN WE'VE ASSIGNED TO STAMM'S HOME **COULD** NAB THEM WHEN THEY MEET THERE...BUT WHY **HAVEN'T** THEY?

**XL-3 ON STAMM!
XL-3 ON STAMM!
COME IN, HQ!**

THIS IS KENT AT HQ! WHERE ARE YOU?

UP A TREE! WE HAD A RUNNING GUN FIGHT WITH STAMM AND THE OTHERS...ALL THE WAY TO A PASTURE A MILE FROM HIS HOUSE! GLIDDEN KILLED...TWO OF US WOUNDED...STAMM AND THE GIRL GOT AWAY IN A PLANE! SORRY, KENT...ROGER AND OVER!





THEY'VE PROBABLY MADE REFUELING ARRANGEMENTS FOR A LONG HOP, KENT...BUT HOW IN BLAZES WILL WE FIGURE WHERE?

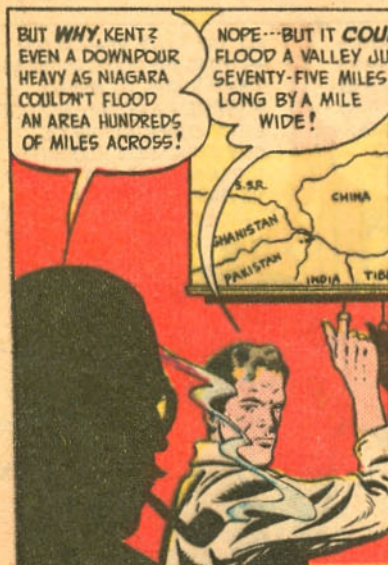
AS DR. GRIST POINTED OUT --- THAT RAIN-MAKING PROCESS ISN'T REALLY VITAL! IT WOULD BE WORTH STEALING ONLY IF THE REDS HAD A SPECIAL USE IN MIND --- IMMEDIATELY...AND IN A SPECIAL PLACE!



PAKISTAN?

WHERE ELSE?

THE DAILY RECORD
RED ARMIES CONTINUE MASSING ON WEST PAKISTAN BORDER!



BUT WHY, KENT? EVEN A DOWNPOUR HEAVY AS NIAGARA COULDN'T FLOOD AN AREA HUNDREDS OF MILES ACROSS!

NOPE...BUT IT COULD FLOOD A VALLEY JUST SEVENTY-FIVE MILES LONG BY A MILE WIDE!

HERE IT IS...HUNZA...LYING LIKE AN IMMENSE DITCH BETWEEN THE RED ARMIES AND PAKISTAN! IF DR. GRIST'S PROCESS CAN FILL A RESERVOIR, IT CAN FILL THAT VALLEY...MEANING THAT AMPHIBIOUS TANKS AND LST'S CAN FLOAT THROUGH TO RAKAPOSHI PASS...THE GATEWAY TO ALL OF INDIA!



I THINK YOU'VE GOT IT! IF THE INVASION THREAT IS THAT SERIOUS...IT'S SOMETHING THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT!

WHAT...AND HAVE THE WHOLE THING SIDETRACKED IN THE PENTAGON FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS? THERE WON'T BE AN INVASION IF I CAN GET TO HUNZA SOON ENOUGH...AND I'M LEAVING NOW!



SOON AFTERWARD...JONATHAN SETS OUT ON A FLIGHT THAT WILL TAKE HIM HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD!

DR. GRIST'S FORMULA IS SO SIMPLE THAT ANY FOOL CAN PREPARE THE RAIN-PRODUCING CHEMICAL...BUT IF MY PLAN WORKS OUT, IT'LL TAKE A MIGHTY SMART SPY TO USE IT!



THREE DAYS LATER...THOUSANDS OF FIRES CAST A SMOKY PALL OVER THE ENTIRE HUNZA VALLEY!

UNSEEN AND UNHEARD HIGH ABOVE---

ACCORDING TO DR. GRIST'S FIGURES---
THAT'S ENOUGH CARBON DIOXIDE TO PUT THE VALLEY UNDER TWENTY FEET OF WATER WITHIN TWELVE HOURS!

WHAT A SPECTACLE IT WILL BE! DROP LOWER, STAMM--- I WANT TO WATCH!

IT'S NOT EVEN **DRIZZLING**, STAMM---AND WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS SMOKE?

THEY'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF--- **THAT'S** WHAT! THERE'S JUST ENOUGH HEAT RISING WITH THAT SMOKE TO CARRY THE CARBON DIOXIDE PARTICLES **UP**--- HIGH ENOUGH FOR THE WIND TO BLOW THEM EVERYWHERE BUT **HERE!**

WE'LL SEE---MAYBE THEY'LL GET THE IDEA OF **EXTINGUISHING** THOSE FIRES AFTER THEY'VE HAD A FEW BLASTS FROM OUR WING CANNON!

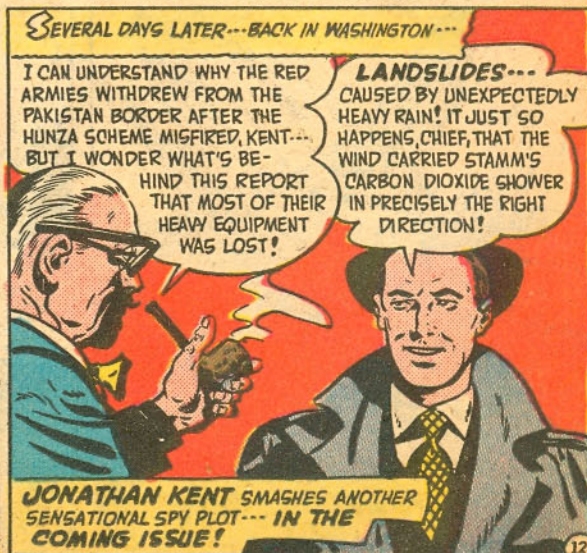
A MOMENT LATER---WITH THE ONCOMING PLANE SNARLING CLOSER THROUGH THE MURK---

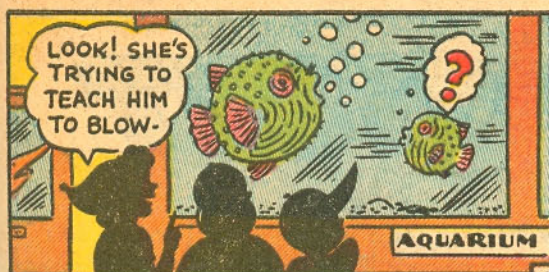
SAHIB--- **THERE!** COMING IN AT FIVE O'CLOCK!

YOU SURE LEARNED PLENTY AT OUR NEW DELHI AIRBASE DURING THE WAR, BUD! WHY IN BLAZES DIDN'T YOU TRADE IN THIS RELIC FOR JUST **ONE** NEW GARAND RIFLE?

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM!

CRASH!





For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES



They're the terrific titans...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...
Read **AMERICAN!**

Smuggler's STUNT

COUNTER-ESPIONAGE Agent Leon Thornton walked wearily into the office with an air of bewilderment and failure. "Our overseas agents must have been wrong, Chief," he told the grave, distinguished-looking man behind the desk. "We were waiting for the *Leronia* when she docked, and Alexander—the bird you told us to watch for—was on it, all right—but there was nothing on him!"

The Chief stroked his moustache thoughtfully. "Are you sure? Our best overseas operatives told us that Alexander would be trying to smuggle in a full packet of detailed plans for sabotage and revolution against America in case of war—and no one man could memorize that much detail! He must have brought the written plans in with him—did you search his baggage thoroughly?"

Leon sighed. "Did we! Every scrap he took off the ship was ripped to pieces and then subjected to spectrographic, fluoroscopic X-ray, galvanometric and every other test under the sun short of cardiographic! And then we went over his clothes so thoroughly we had to reimburse him to buy a new set. And we inspected Alexander himself with a fine-comb, even took his dental plates apart—and didn't find a thing! Without fear of contradiction, Chief, I can safely say that our man took no secret plans or secret anything off that boat!"

A worried look spread over the Chief's face as he glanced down at a message on his desk. "Then he's got some plan up his sleeve that we don't know about! The *Leronia* starts back on its return

voyage in three days—and Hamilton just phoned in from the booking office to say that Alexander booked passage on it, even reserving the same suite he had coming over! And if he's leaving that soon, he must have accomplished his mission!"

"Hmm, maybe not," Leon said thoughtfully. "Same boat and same suite, eh? Well, I think I'll be bidding Alexander *bon voyage* when he boards that ship!"

Three days later, mingling freely with the happy crowd of well-wishers thronging the decks of the *Leronia* and saying their goodbyes, Leon watched carefully as Alexander went into his suite, accompanied by a stout, jolly, red-faced man, who had obviously been celebrating with a little too much vodka. And a few minutes later, when the fat man emerged, shouting his farewells, Leon followed him down the gangway. Then, just as the man was about to enter a waiting cab, Leon stopped him at the point of his gun and ordered him into the Customs House.

There, over the paunchy man's protests, his jacket was stripped away, revealing a man without a paunch, but with a thick packet of documents strapped to his waist!

"Pretty neat trick," Leon said, grinning. "Alexander knew he'd be thoroughly searched coming off, so he didn't try smuggling the papers in then—but waited till now, knowing that *bon voyage* visitors are never searched when they leave a ship. I guess it comes as a shocking surprise to you to know that the U S Counter-Espionage Service never gives up once it sinks its teeth into a job!"

South American SMASHUP

HERE'S THE HIGHEST BID WE'VE RECEIVED FOR THE STOCK OF NEWSPRINT WE ADVERTISED IN "EDITOR & PUBLISHER". SLIM! SOME CHUMP WANTS PAPER BADLY ENOUGH TO OFFER NEARLY TWICE AS MUCH AS THE OTHER PUBLICATIONS!

THE BID'S SIGNED JOSE VASCO... BUT NO LETTERHEAD OR COMPANY NAME! SORT OF UNUSUAL, ISN'T IT... FOR AN INDIVIDUAL TO WANT A HUNDRED TONS OF NEWS-PRINT?

WE AMERICANS DON'T REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS TO OPENLY BUY ANY NEWS-PAPER OR MAGAZINE WE CHOOSE TO READ... WITHOUT FEAR OF A PRISON SENTENCE OR WORSE! BUT IN SOME PARTS OF THE WORLD, PUBLISHING A FREE NEWSPAPER CAN MEAN TREADING ON A DICTATOR'S TOES... IT CAN MEAN A CHILL MANHUNT BY SECRET AGENTS AND THE CONSTANT THREAT OF DEATH... AND IT CAN MEAN A SOUTH AMERICAN SMASHUP!



GILBERT PATTERSON
CITY EDITOR



THERE'S NO SHORTAGE OF THE STUFF, SO HE CAN'T BE A BLACK MARKET OPERATOR... BUT WHY IS VASCO SO EAGER TO PAY 50% MORE THAN THE QUOTED MILL PRICES? SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS ISN'T A STRICTLY STRAIGHT DEAL, GIL!

LOOK, SLIM... ALL I'M INTERESTED IN IS THAT A QUICK SALE OF THAT NEWSPAPER PRINT WE STOCKED UP ON WILL KEEP THE "GAZETTE" ON ITS FEET FOR ANOTHER THREE MONTHS! AFTER VASCO BUYS IT, HE CAN BURN IT FOR ALL I CARE... BUT I WANT YOU TO HOP AROUND AND CLOSE THE DEAL!



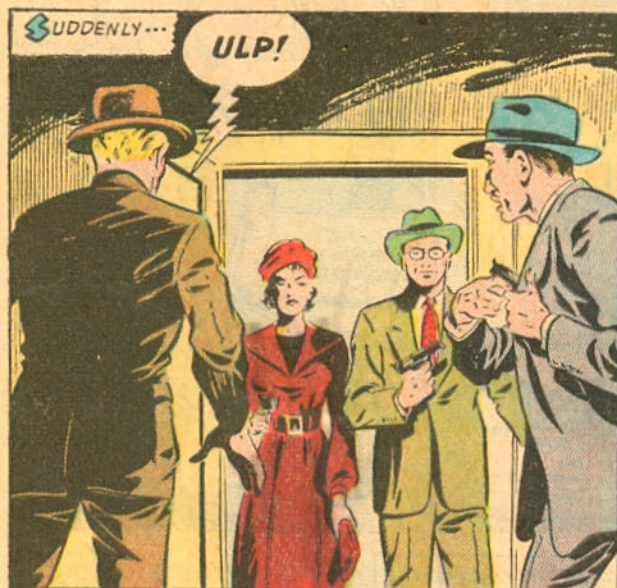
MAYBE GIL'S RIGHT! WE WENT OVERBOARD WITH OUR EXPANSION PROGRAM, HOPING OUR CIRCULATION WOULD ZOOM... BUT NOWADAYS, READERS WANT EXCLUSIVE STORIES WITH AN INTERNATIONAL TWIST! WE CAN'T AFFORD A STABLE OF FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS... AND NOW WE'RE ON THE ROCKS SOLID!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

HERE'S THE ADDRESS VASCO GAVE! FOR SOMEONE READY TO SQUANDER THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ON NEWS-PRINT... HE'S CERTAINLY CUTTING CORNERS ON HIS LIVING EXPENSES!







YOU'LL FIND THAT'S THE BEST COURSE, MY FRIEND! HURRY... HE'S FIRING!

YEP, AND THAT'S JUST THE MOOD MY EDITOR'S GOING TO BE IN... WHEN HE HEARS ABOUT MY PASSING UP A STORY LIKE *THIS*!



NEVER KNEW I'D NEED A BULLETPROOF VEST FOR A SIMPLE DEAL IN NEWSPRINT... BUT WHAT GOES ON HERE? THAT TRIGGER-HAPPY PAIR **BOTHERS** ME, CHUM... AND FRANKLY, SO DOES YOUR OFFER OF \$240 A TON!

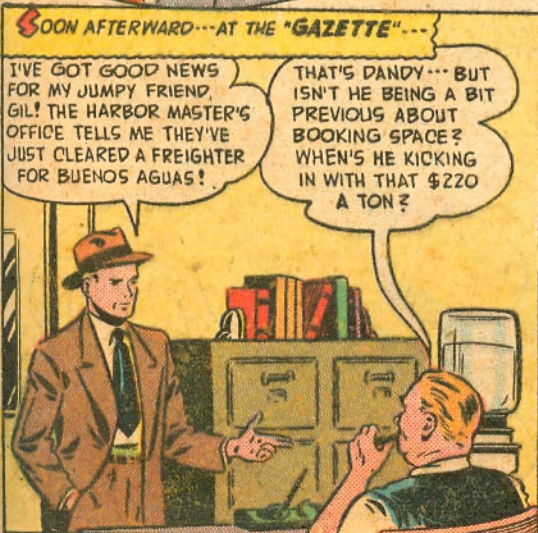
HOW CAN IT BE EXPLAINED TO AN AMERICAN... SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T REALIZE THAT POLITICAL DIFFERENCES CAN MEAN THE THREAT OF DEATH... TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY? WHAT YOU SAW BACK THERE IS ALMOST TRIVIAL... COMPARED TO WHAT I HAVE FACED FOR **YEARS** IN MY NATIVE COUNTRY, DESCAMINA!

WHAT CAN I DO **NOW**... NOW THAT I'VE FOUND THE NEWSPRINT... IF I'M TO BE CONTINUALLY HAUNTED BY THE FEAR THAT THEY'LL FIND *ME*? SMALL FREIGHTERS... THE KIND I NEED TO SHIP THE NEWSPRINT TO BUENOS AGUAS... AREN'T LISTED IN THE NEWSPAPER! I'LL HAVE TO INQUIRE PERSONALLY AT THE HARBOR MASTER'S OFFICE... AND THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY'LL BE **WAITING** FOR ME TO DO!

PORT OFFICIALS DON'T MIND PASSING ON INFORMATION TO THE PRESS! SUPPOSE WE MAKE A CALL FROM THE **"GAZETTE"**?

GOOD IDEA... BUT THEY MAY FOLLOW ME *THERE*, TOO! I'LL LEAVE THAT TO YOU... AND PHONE LATER! FOR THE PRESENT, YOU'D BETTER PULL UP AT THE CURB... AND LET ME SWITCH TO A TAXI!

SOMETHING'S REAL RIPE DOWN IN DESCAMINA... AND IT SHOWS ALL THE WAY FROM HERE! I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO PUT MY FINGER ON IT **YET**... BUT BROTHER, I'M KEEPING MY HAND IN!



SOON AFTERWARD... AT THE "GAZETTE"...

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR MY JUMPY FRIEND, GIL! THE HARBOR MASTER'S OFFICE TELLS ME THEY'VE JUST CLEARED A FREIGHTER FOR BUENOS AGUAS!

THAT'S PANDY... BUT ISN'T HE BEING A BIT PREVIOUS ABOUT BOOKING SPACE? WHEN'S HE KICKING IN WITH THAT \$220 A TON?



HEY, SLIM... **PHONE!**

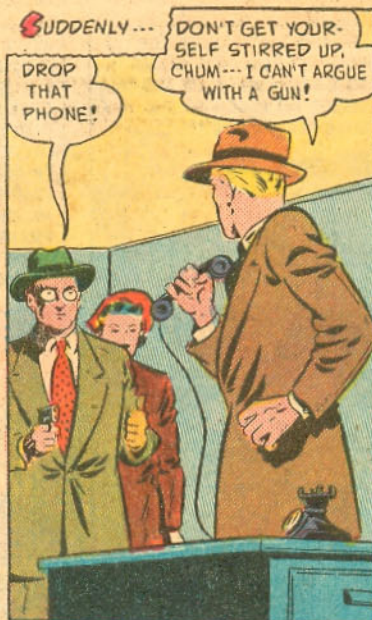
TWO HUNDRED AND **TWENTY** DOLLARS? CHECK VASCO'S BID, WILL YOU, GIL?



I DIDN'T MEAN TO PHONE SO SOON... BUT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND MY ANXIETY! DID YOU FIND A SHIP?



YEP... THE "PAMPAS" IS SAILING FROM PIER 14 AT NOON TOMORROW! NOW THERE'S SOMETHING YOU CAN TELL ME!



SUDDENLY... DROP THAT PHONE!

DON'T GET YOURSELF STIRRED UP, CHUM... I CAN'T ARGUE WITH A GUN!



SO LET'S CUT OUT THE CORNY HOMICIDE ROUTINE...

CRASH!



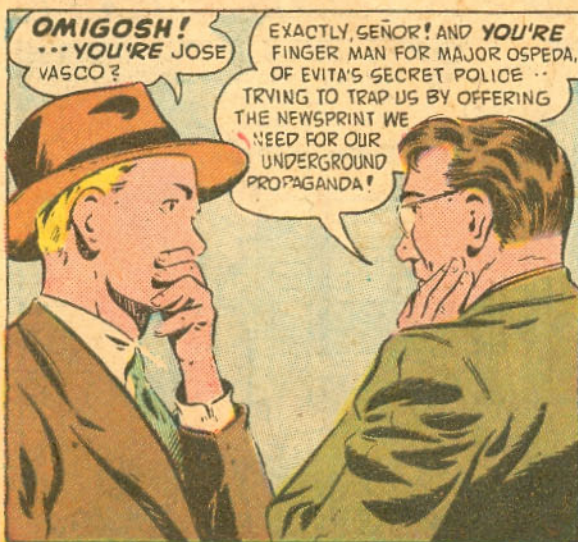
...AND KEEP THINGS ON A SPORTING BASIS!

POW!



UNLESS THIS IS A HIGHLY UNFUNNY GAG, SLIM... IN WHICH CASE, YOU CAN CONSIDER YOURSELF AN EX-REPORTER... WILL YOU KINDLY BRIEF ME ON ALL THIS?

I'LL TELL YOU! THIS MAN IS A SPY... AN AGENT OF THE EVITA DICTATORSHIP IN DESCAMINA! AND IF HE DENIES IT... ASK HIM WHY HE WAS HELPING TO RANSACK MY FIANCE'S APARTMENT AN HOUR AGO!



OMIGOSH! ...YOU'RE JOSE VASCO?

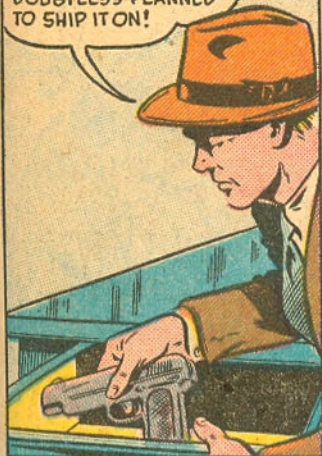
EXACTLY, SEÑOR! AND YOU'RE FINGER MAN FOR MAJOR OSPEDA, OF EVITA'S SECRET POLICE... TRYING TO TRAP US BY OFFERING THE NEWSPRINT WE NEED FOR OUR UNDERGROUND PROPAGANDA!



STOP PITCHING A MINUTE, BUD... AND LET'S GET OUR SIGNALS STRAIGHT! THE MAN I FOUND IN YOUR APARTMENT IS MAJOR OSPEDA... RIGHT? AND OSPEDA'S JOB IS TO SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET OUR NEWSPRINT... RIGHT?

THEN YOU'RE NOT WORKING WITH OSPEDA? YOU REALLY DO HAVE A SUPPLY OF NEWSPRINT?

BABY... I **HOPE** SO! I BOBBLED THINGS **GOOD** WITH OSPEDA... NOT ONLY TELLING HIM WHERE TO FIND THE NEWSPRINT... BUT STEERING HIM STRAIGHT TO THE VERY FREIGHTER YOU DOUBTLESS PLANNED TO SHIP IT ON!



CHISPAS, HOMBRE... THAT WAS THE EXACT INFORMATION HE WAS SEARCHING FOR IN MY APARTMENT!



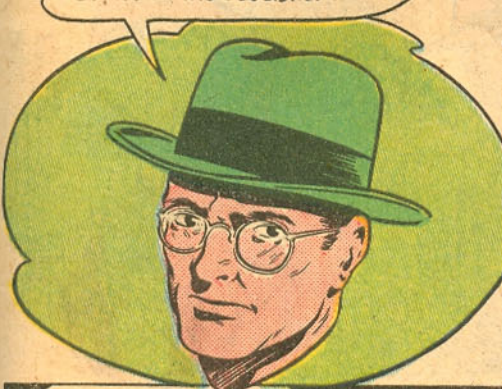
I CAN SEE NOW WHY OSPEDA COULDN'T PICK UP THE DOPE ON THE "**PAMPAS**" AT THE HARBOR MASTER'S OFFICE! TOO MUCH DANGER OF BEING RECOGNIZED AND GRABBED BY THE IMMIGRATION OFFICERS ON DUTY THERE... FOR ILLEGAL ENTRY!

TOO BAD I DIDN'T SUSPECT OSPEDA UNTIL I GOT BACK TO THE "**GAZETTE**"! I'D BEEN MISQUOTING YOUR BID BY \$20 A TON... AND IT SUDDENLY HIT ME HE HADN'T CORRECTED ME ONCE! I **STILL** DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE OFFERING US FAR MORE THAN YOU CAN GET NEWSPRINT FOR ON THE OPEN MARKET!

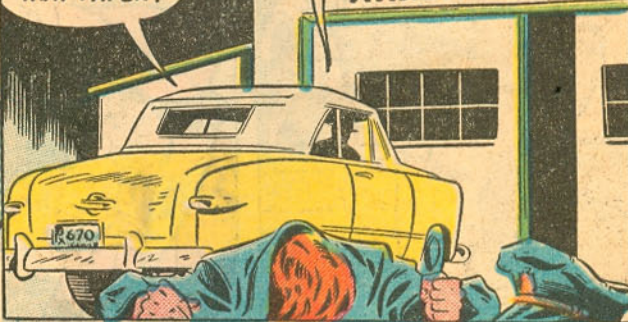
BUT WE **CAN'T** GET IT! DICTATOR EVITA HAS ABSOLUTE CONTROL OVER ALL NEWSPRINT IN DESCAMINA... AND HIS AGENTS HAVE TIED UP THE ENTIRE EXPORT SURPLUS OF THE AMERICAN AND CANADIAN PAPER MILLS! FINDING A PRIVATE SOURCE... AND BIDDING HIGH TO MAKE **SURE** WE GOT IT... WAS OUR ONLY CHANCE!



EVITA HAS CRUSHED DOZENS OF DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPERS... BY MERELY TYING UP THEIR PAPER SUPPLY! IN THAT WAY, OUR COUNTRYMEN KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THE BRUTALITY OF EVITA'S POLICE STATE... NOTHING ABOUT THE FUGITIVE NAZIS WHO HELP RUN HIS DICTATORSHIP... NOTHING EXCEPT THE LIES **EVITA** WANTS PUBLISHED!



OUR UNDERGROUND HAS A SECRET PRINTING PLANT AND A TRAINED STAFF... AND WHETHER MILLIONS OF DESCAMINAN CITIZENS LEARN THE TRUTH **DEPENDS ON OUR GETTING THAT PAPER!**

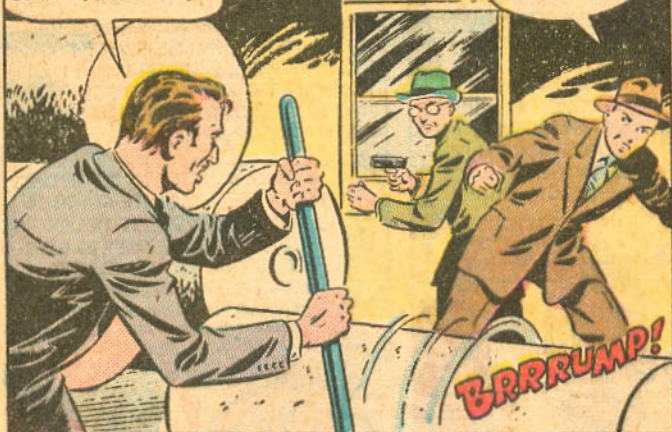


I HATE TO SAY THIS, VASCO... BUT IT LOOKS LIKE EVITA'S BOY HAS MUSCLED IN HERE JUST AHEAD OF US!

I WOULDN'T LIGHT THAT, BUD... YOU'RE GOING TO FIND THINGS HOT ENOUGH AS IT IS!



FOOLS! YOU'LL LEARN THE RIGKS OF DEFYING GENERAL EVITA...AND ME!



VASCO...
GET
CLEAR!

BRRRUMP!



CRRASH!



NICKED HIM... BUT
HE'LL BE LOST IN
THE DARK IN
ANOTHER
SECOND!

BANG!

JOSE...
JOSE...
TOUGH BREAK, SWEETHEART
...BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BEAR
UP! WE'RE GOING TO LICK
OSPEDA... IF IT MEANS TAKING
ON EVERY ONE OF THE HEEL-
CLICKING BANDITS HE
REPRESENTS!



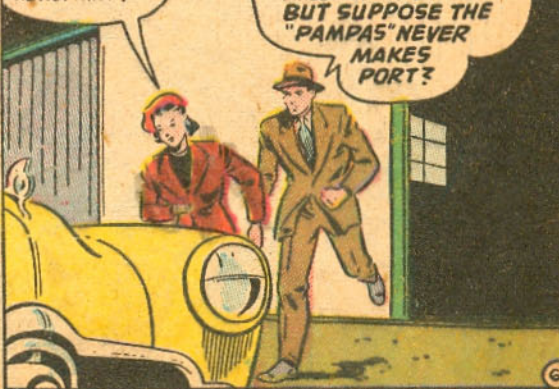
SI, AMIGO... JOSE VASCO
TAUGHT ME TO LOVE... AND
HE TAUGHT ME TO FIGHT!
OUR NEWSPAPER WILL BE
HIS MEMORIAL... EVERY WORD
A CHALLENGE TO THE TYRANTS
...AND EVERY LETTER
SPELLING A DEATH
SENTENCE FOR
PABLO OSPEDA!



HELLO... GIL? VASCO WAS JUST
DONE IN OVER HERE AT THE
WAREHOUSE! YEP... OSPEDA!
SEND THE POLICE AROUND...
I'M GOING TO TRY TO
BEAT HIM TO HIS NEXT
MOVE!



I WONDER WHETHER
OSPEDA *DOES* HAVE
ANOTHER MOVE... NOW
THAT HE'S FAILED TO
DESTROY THE
NEWSPRINT?



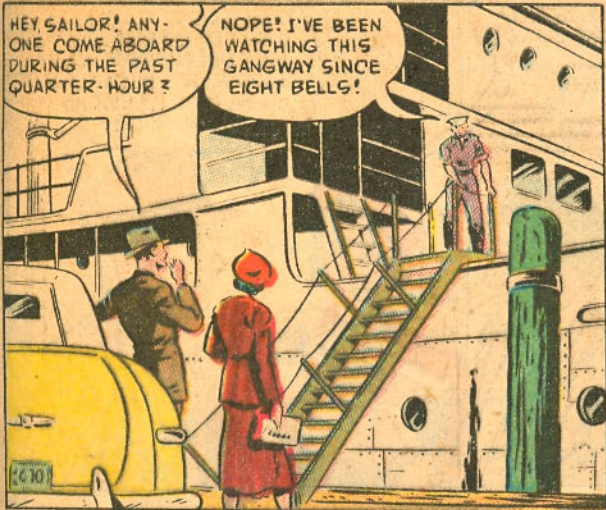
ONE FAILURE IS JUST A
WARMUP FOR A SEASONED
OPERATOR LIKE OSPEDA!
SURE, WE'VE GOT THE
NEWSPRINT... AND WE'LL
LIKELY GET IT LOADED...
BUT SUPPOSE THE
"PAMPAS" NEVER
MAKES
PORT?

HEY, SAILOR! ANY-
ONE COME ABOARD
DURING THE PAST
QUARTER-HOUR?

NOPE! I'VE BEEN
WATCHING THIS
GANGWAY SINCE
EIGHT BELLS!

IN THAT CASE, BUD--- YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE NOTICED
IF HE DECIDED TO SWING
ACROSS ALONG THAT
MOORING LINE!

WAIT--- THAT ENGINE
ROOM HATCHWAY WAS
CLOSED JUST A
MOMENT AGO!



OSPEDA!

PEPITA--- HOLD IT!
DON'T GET HIM
CORNERED!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT---

CIELITOS!

BANG!

HUUGH!

SOK!



POW!

SPLASH!

AS ONE TENSE MINUTE FOLLOWS
SLOWLY ON ANOTHER---

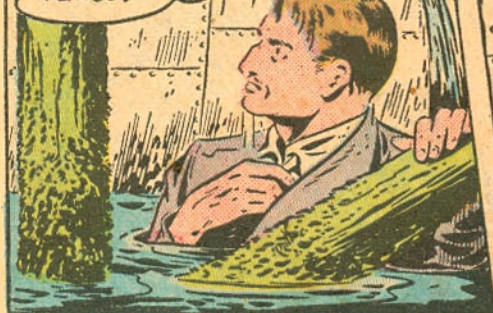
SLIM--- HE
HASN'T
COME
UP!

I HATE TO
CROW TOO SOON,
HONEY--- BUT IT
LOOKS AS IF THAT
RAT HAS PULLED
HIS LAST SABOTAGE
JOB--- **POLLUTING
THE HARBOR!**



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...AFTER HAVING
DIVED UNDER THE KEEL...

GOOD THING YOU TRAILED
HIM, MATE! LOOK WHAT
WE FOUND TAPED TO
ONE OF THE HOLD
PLATES!



QUE BARBARO
...A TIME BOMB!

GUESS WE'VE MADE ANOTHER
STEP, PEPITA! THAT NEWSPRINT
ISN'T **DELIVERED** YET, BY A
LONG SHOT... BUT AT LEAST
WE'RE SURE IT'LL REACH
DESCAMINA!



MAYBE THAT WON'T
BE SUCH A BAD
IDEA, AFTER ALL!
EVITA GETS THE
NEWSPRINT...
AND I GET
THEM!

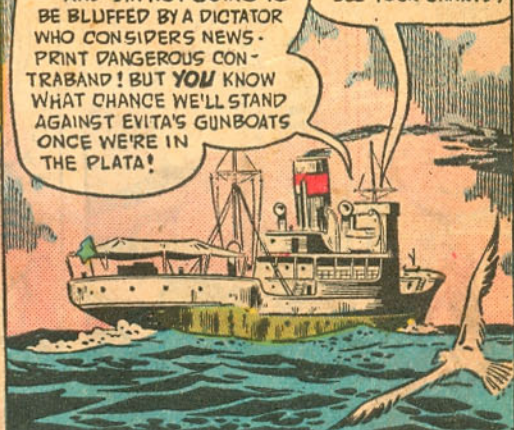
NEXT DAY, THE
"PAMPAS"
STEAMS SEAWARD
...CARRYING THE
RAW MATERIAL OF
DEMOCRACY'S
GREATEST
WEAPON...A
FREE PRESS!



NEARLY A WEEK LATER...OFF THE DESCAMINAN
COAST...

MA'AM, I RAN
GUNS FOR THE SPANISH
LOYALISTS BACK IN '37
...AND I'M NOT GOING TO
BE BLUFFED BY A DICTATOR
WHO CONSIDERS NEWS-
PRINT DANGEROUS CON-
TRABAND! BUT **YOU** KNOW
WHAT CHANCE WE'LL STAND
AGAINST EVITA'S GUNBOATS
ONCE WE'RE IN
THE PLATA!

WE'RE NOT GOING
TO BUENOS AGUAS,
CAPTAIN! MAY I
SEE YOUR CHARTS?

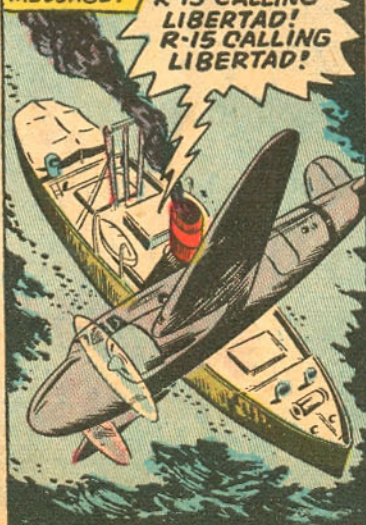


PUNTA HONDA... TWENTY FEET OF
WATER AT SLACK TIDE! YEP, I THINK
WE CAN SNEAK IN...AND THERE'S A
PAVED HIGHWAY ALONG SHORE!

GOOD! NOW...
I'D BETTER RADIO
HEADQUARTERS!

CIRCLING HIGH ABOVE THE FREIGHTER
...A BARELY VISIBLE PLANE PICKS
UP THE RADIO
MESSAGE!

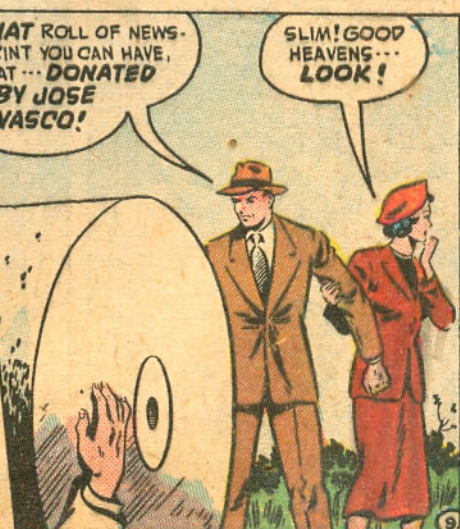
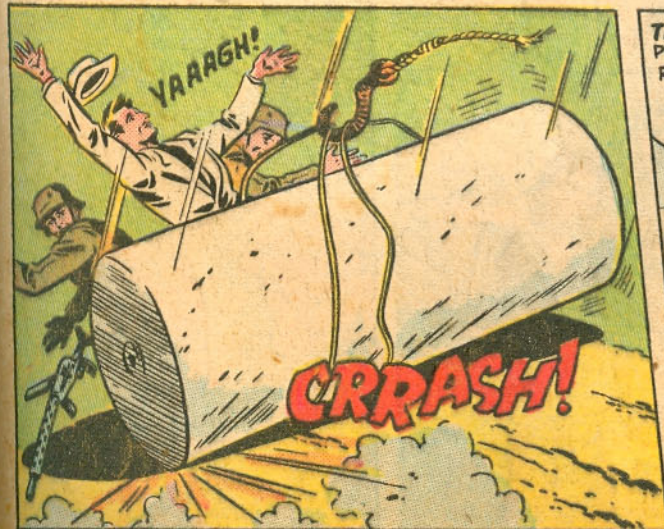
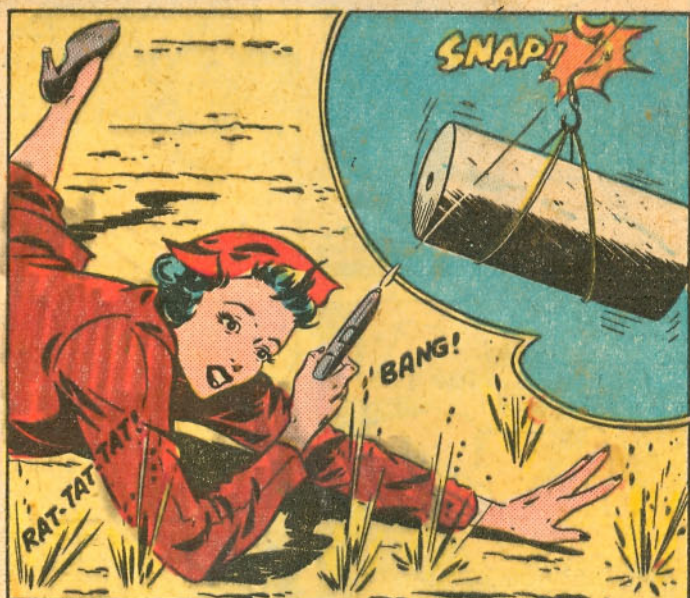
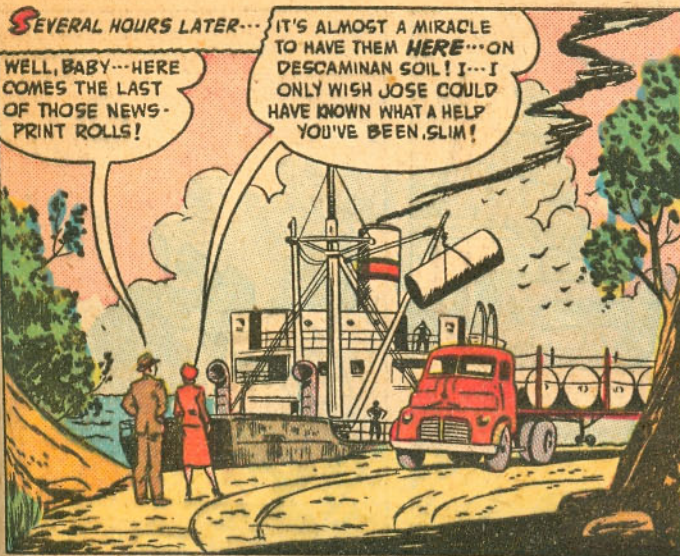
**R-15 CALLING
LIBERTAD!
R-15 CALLING
LIBERTAD!**

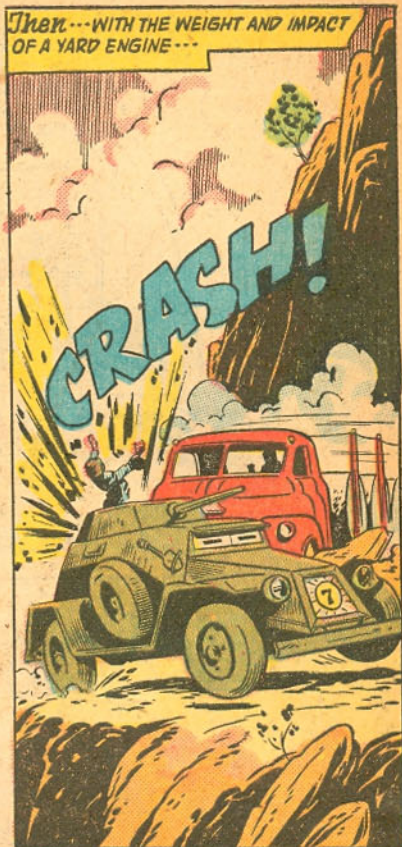
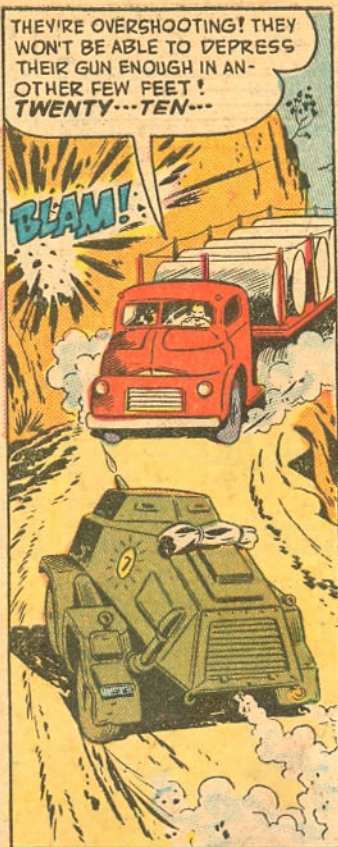


WE'RE LANDING CARGO AT
PUNTA HONDA IN TWO HOURS!
HAVE THE TRAILER TRUCK
CONVOY READY TO MEET US!

PUNTA HONDA!
SI, SEÑORITA...
WE WILL BE READY
TO MEET YOU WITH
MORE THAN YOU
EXPECT!



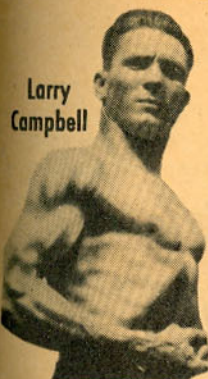




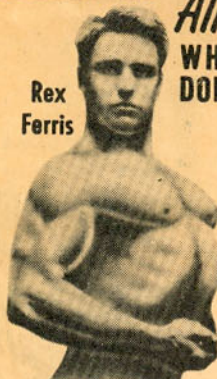
THE END

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents? to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

Larry Campbell



Rex Ferris



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING

get acquainted offer!

Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE only 10c

Instead of \$1.00

plus FREE MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett - World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A WINNER AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH PROGRESSIVE POWER



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

FREE! Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture Dept. -AM-07, 30 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 1

Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." • World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body • plus many other world records!

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each). Muscle Building Courses. All in 1 great complete volume for only 10c. PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

DEPT. AM-07

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE 230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)
ADDRESS _____ NO C.O.D.'s
CITY _____ ZONE & STATE _____

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE 230 Fifth Ave., Dept AM-07 • New York 1, N. Y.

While They Last OUTSTANDING

BARGAINS

IN U. S. ARMY WAR SURPLUS CAMPING GEAR

You can be the most envied kid in your neighborhood with this real U. S. Army Surplus equipment. The "exact" equipment used by thousands of G.I.'s, all over the world in the last war. They're just "super" for that next camping trip, hike, hunting or fishing. You'll be proud to display and wear them. Watch how your friends' eyes "pop" when they hear how little this authentic equipment costs. Don't delay, send in your order today! Use the coupon shown below.

Win prizes and ribbons at Jamborees. G.I.s, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, and Aviators are ordering from all parts of the world.

COMMANDO BAG

D. with adjustable strap. Grand lunch bag, cantera case, etc. New.

ONLY **50¢**
POSTPAID



SIGNALING MIRROR



S. Unbreakable. For fun outdoors. Flashes visible for 10 miles. Has cross hair sight and complete directions on one side. Reverse side is regular camp mirror. Comes with wrist cord. New.

35¢

Famous Field Artillery MUSSETTE BAG

M. with shoulder strap. Double duty. May be worn as pack sack or slung from shoulder.

85¢
POSTPAID



ARMY COT STRETCHER

(collapsible)



F.O.B., Railway Express **\$1.95**

UTILITY AXE

X. A good civilian axe with new Army Canvas Axe Sheath which hooks into pistol or cartridge belt. New.

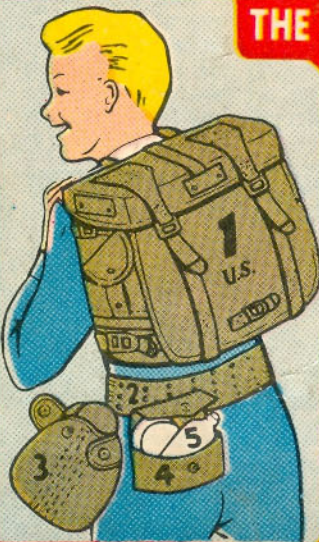
\$1.45 POSTPAID



C. **10 POCKET CARTRIDGE BELT** **65¢**
adjustable from 28" to 46"

MINIMUM ORDER \$2. All items except those listed as new are in used perfect condition. Limited quantities. Order now while supply lasts. Last Spring we were sold out of many items almost immediately, so fill in coupon and order NOW!

THE FAMOUS COMBAT INFANTRY FIELD PACK SET



1. Combat Infantry Pack. The last word in a scientifically engineered pack. As up to date as the jet propelled bomber.

- A.
- a. Has 5 inside pocket compartments.
 - b. Has 1 outside pocket.
 - c. Has inside rubber throat for extra waterproof protection.
 - d. 5 sets of attached straps and buckles for loading on extra equipment.
 - e. 2 clip sections for hooking in extra gear.
 - f. Double-duty. May be worn slung front shoulder as well.

plus: (see illustration)

- 2. Pistol Belt
- 3. Canteen Case
- 4. 1st Aid Pouch
- 5. 2 oz. bottle Insect Repellent
- 6. 2 Adjustable Shoulder Straps

ALL FOR
\$1.65
POSTPAID

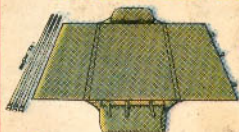
SPECIAL! AIR CORPS SUSTENANCE VEST



V. NEW, adjustable to fit all sizes, young boy to big man. Has 16 pockets (including Pistol Holster) but MORE than 16 uses. Swell as a gift for dad, and wonderful as a Fishing and Carryall Vest. Cost the Air Corps over \$10 to make.

NOW ONLY **\$1.75** POSTPAID

OFFICER'S BED ROLL



EXTRA!
Brand new
AIR
PILLOW
included
FREE

R. 6'3" long x 8'6" wide plus 3 straps and 2 gear stowing compartments. Extra sturdy general utility canvas & carrying roll. (Wonderful ground sheet. Sleep 2 persons).

\$2.45
Postage Collect

NAVY PAL HUNTING KNIVES

K. 5" blade 10" overall, leather handle, plastic sheath, new.

ONLY **\$1.25** POSTPAID



L. 6" blade, 11" overall, leather handle, leather sheath, new.

\$1.45
POSTPAID

T. Plastic handle with canvas sheath, new.

\$1.75 POSTPAID

MACHETTE 18" BLADE

(K & L sheaths slip over Pistol Belt. 23 hooks into Pistol Belt).

LIMITED QUANTITIES! MAIL COUPON TODAY!

CHARLES McMANUS, Cuttingsville 9, Vermont

I enclose (cash or money order, positively no COD's). Send items checked below:

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ A. The Famous Combat Infantry Field Pack Set | ☐ X. Utility Axe |
| ☐ B. Commando Bag | ☐ Y. Air Corps (\$10.00) Vest |
| ☐ C. Signal Mirror | ☐ Z. Officer's Bed Roll |
| ☐ D. Mussette Bag | ☐ G. Army Cook Pot |
| ☐ E. Army Cot | ☐ H. F.O.B. Railway Express |
| ☐ F. 6" Pal Knife | ☐ I. K. 5" Pal Knife |
| ☐ J. L. 6" Pal Knife | ☐ M. 18" Machette |
| ☐ K. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt | |
| ☐ My order totals over | |
| ☐ My order totals over | |

Name
Address
City & Zone State

CHAS. McMANUS • Cuttingsville 9, Vt.